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THE ASHANTEE WAR.

THE Colonial Office, and the military authorities in charge of the Ashantee expedition, have no reason to complain of a deficiency of advice. Twenty years ago Prince ALBERT thought, with his usual good sense, and said with less than his usual prudence, that constitutional government was on its trial. On a much smaller scale government by newspapers is now on its trial. Sir GARNET WOLSELEY and those from whom he receives his instructions have wisely kept their intentions to themselves, while they have been assailed on all sides with contradictory counsels. At one time there seemed to have been a general consent of opinion that the commander of the expedition could only avoid an unequal conflict in the bush by turning the flank of the enemy and marching straight on his capital. The rumour that the General had asked for the means of laying down twenty or thirty miles of railway naturally called attention to the vast cost of petty wars in Africa, or in other parts of the world. The risks of an advance into the interior of the country were vividly described; and the difficulty or impossibility of conveying stores and of preserving the health of European troops occupied the pens of many correspondents. The last phase of the discussion, until the news of the recent disaster arrived, consisted in a protest against unnecessary war, and in earnest recommendations to the Government to reconsider the policy which it is supposed to have adopted. If the Ashantees, who are not themselves readers of newspapers, have engaged the services of educated natives on the coast to procure information, it is satisfactory to know that they must be utterly puzzled by the announcements and criticisms of well-informed writers. The high estimate which, like all uncivilized nations, they place on their own importance will be confirmed by the general attention which their affairs seem to have excited in England. Some of the numerous communications which have appeared may probably deserve the attention of the Government. It seems to be injudicious to stint the number of officers employed in the expedition, when every regiment in the service would, in case of need, supply volunteers. The desire of employment, and the laudable anxiety to win credit and promotion, operate as strongly as at any former time on the English army. Some historical speculators have attributed much of the warlike spirit of the middle ages to the discomfort of home and to the general want of occupation. The monotony of barrack life may in the same manner perhaps stimulate the love of military enterprise.

Exhortations to the Government on the duty of preferring diplomacy to war are probably superfluous; and since the untoward result of Commodore COMMERELL's reconnoitring expedition, there is little hope of maintaining peace. Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues are not likely to waste either money or human life where the objects of a possible war may be attained by negotiation. Whatever may be their future policy or intentions, their course hitherto has been prudent and right. The Ashantee invaders would be unlikely to listen to reason unless they understood that it was backed by force. If they were allowed without opposition to establish their supremacy over the protected tribes, the settlements on the coast and the property of English traders would be exposed to constant aggression. If the Ashantees are disposed to yield to a display of irresistible strength, war may still be avoided. It would be well if they could study the lists of stores, of guns, and of munitions of war which are already accumulated at Deptford and Woolwich. To civilians the preparations which have been made seem to

indicate official activity and foresight. Alarmists who have proclaimed the impossibility of employing beasts of burden in a West African campaign may perhaps be surprised by the despatch to the Gold Coast of a steam traction-engine, which will certainly not suffer from the attacks of venomous flies. A stock of wooden barrack huts will be forwarded from England, and all possible precautions will be taken against the dangers of the climate. On this occasion at least the Government cannot be fairly charged with the error of drifting into war. All necessary measures have been taken as if on the assumption that a conflict was unavoidable; but peace will still, if possible, be preserved. The destruction of the town of Chamah may perhaps have counterbalanced, in the minds of the native chiefs, the effect produced by their successful ambushade. If it is true that the main demand of the Ashantees is for commercial access to the coast, there need be no hesitation in complying with their wishes. It is quite unnecessary that they should occupy the territory of the protected Fantees, who, with all their faults, are not dangerous neighbours to the trading settlements. It may be hoped that when the conquest of the Fantee territory has been effectually prevented, the dependent chiefs will understand for the first time their true relation to the paramount Power. Not long ago, at the instigation of half-taught native demagogues, and with the connivance of injudicious English functionaries, the Fantees were playing with fantastic schemes of federal and constitutional government. When they have recovered from their present alarm, they will perhaps discover that their chief constitutional duty consists in obeying orders.

It is quite unnecessary to caution the Government or the country against the indulgence of the obsolete desire of territorial aggrandizement. No politician in the present day would dream of founding a West African Empire for the sake of profit or of glory; yet it is not improbable that it may become expedient to establish some kind of sovereignty over the Ashantees. It may be cheaper to prevent troublesome neighbours from preparing for war than to repel periodical invasions. It is not at present known that any other aggressive tribe is to be found in the neighbourhood of the settlements; and a perpetual and compulsory peace would be an unmixed advantage to the entire region. It might be difficult to prove that the profits of the trade on the coast afford full compensation for the cost of maintaining political and military supremacy; but, on the whole, England is richer and more powerful through the adventurous spirit which has directed its colonial policy. It is remarkable that the Gold Coast settlements have in recent times been retained by private enterprise when the Government, after a local disaster, had determined on retiring from the country. The merchants, after managing their own affairs with success for several years, transferred the undertaking once more to the Colonial Office; and the Government could scarcely without dishonour again abandon the duty of protecting the lives and property of its subjects. To a certain extent the late treaty with the Netherlands involved a national obligation to protect the trade on the coast. In accordance with modern policy, the English Government undertook to allow foreign merchants equal advantages and freedom of access; and the confession that it was impossible to offer protection against barbarians would be humiliating, if not dishonourable. Although it is difficult to unravel the complications of African diplomacy, there seems to be reason for believing that the aggression of the Ashantees was in some way connected with the conclusion of the Dutch treaty. It is probable that any change would be regarded with suspicion; and it may have been impracticable to continue precisely the

same relations which had been established with the Ashantees.

It appears on good authority that Sir GARNET WOLSELEY has received with laudable candour the numerous suggestions and warnings which have been offered in public and in private. The most experienced officers who have served on the Gold Coast have been consulted, and the General himself possesses as large an experience of military operations as any officer who possesses the invaluable qualification of being still in the prime of life. In anticipation of the landing of the expedition, efforts have been made to organize native forces under capable leaders. It is of course still possible that the enterprise may fail; but no reasonable precaution seems thus far to have been omitted. Those who possess no special knowledge of the country or the climate will not readily be persuaded that, when Englishmen have for two or three centuries managed to reside and to conduct their business, it is impossible to defend the settlements from the invasions of a savage enemy. It may be true that precisely the same obstacles have not there or elsewhere been successfully encountered; but the energy which has prevailed over difficulties and dangers in all parts of the world is still abundantly forthcoming, and the result of modern study of the art of war has been to cultivate preliminary care and forethought. When the material superiority of civilization to barbarism was far less definitely established, Spanish adventurers conquered America almost without aid from home, and Englishmen dispossessed the rulers of India. Nothing would have been easier than to prove beforehand the impracticability of enterprises which were nevertheless accomplished by means of a fixed resolution to succeed. In this case there is no motive of religious enthusiasm or of cupidity, but it is enough for English officers and soldiers to know that they are doing their duty under the observation of their countrymen. The impending war, or the possible treaty which may render war unnecessary, ought to diminish the risk of future collisions. Warlike races usually possess a vigour and manliness of character which renders it possible to deal with them, and in former times the Ashantees have fulfilled with reasonable fidelity the stipulations of treaties. The despondency which has lately found expression in newspaper correspondence is, notwithstanding the unlucky result of the expedition to Chamah, at least premature.

THE COUNT OF CHAMBORD AND MARSHAL MACMAHON.

THE two subjects which occupy French politicians at present are what the Count of CHAMBORD is likely to say about himself, and what the Duke of BROGLIE is likely to say about Marshal MACMAHON. There is ample room for speculation on both these points, since neither the Pretender nor the Minister seems inclined to say anything. The Duke of BROGLIE's silence is perfectly intelligible. He is waiting to see what becomes of the Fusion, and the fate of the Fusion depends on the Count of CHAMBORD. If he neither waives his pretensions to the throne nor consents to reign on constitutional principles, it is pretty clear that the Fusion must melt away into air. No one on the Orleanist side has done more to further its interests than M. JOHN LEMOINNE. He had been the most distinguished convert the party had contributed to the Republic, and he had quite lately made a solemn recantation, and signified his repentant desire to see the Republic sent about its business. Yet even he feels that, if the Count of CHAMBORD remains obstinately silent while his partisans are foolishly talkative—if, instead of professions of deference to the will of the nation and firm resolutions to abide by the decisions of the Legislature, nothing is to be had except exhortations to go barefoot to the feet of the King, "to ask pardon for 'having sought to be free'—the sacrifice is greater than the Liberal Royalists can bring themselves to make. M. JOHN LEMOINNE does not appear to advantage when he thus complains of the Sovereign whom he welcomed so complacently a few weeks since. But he may comfort himself with the reflection that any loss of dignity he may have sustained is common to the whole Orleanist party. In the person of the Count of PARIS they unconditionally submitted themselves to the representative of hereditary monarchy in France. They knew what the Count of CHAMBORD was. More than once the proposed Fusion had broken down because the Count had put out some fresh

declaration that he was as immovable and as impracticable as ever. Even on the very eve of the visit of the Count of PARIS, he had shown by his letter to M. CAZENOVE DE PRADINES that on religious questions his sympathies were with the extremist section of the Ultramontane Right. Notwithstanding all this, the Count of PARIS persevered, and the Orleanist party was beside itself with joy to think that the Revolution of 1830 had been condoned, and that the elder branch had embraced the younger branch. They might at least have remembered that, as their submission was made of their own free will, and without either asking or obtaining any conditions beforehand, it is not their place to murmur because no conditions have been vouchsafed to them since. The Count of CHAMBORD has been waiting all his life for the time when France should recover from her madness, and seek in legitimate and hereditary Monarchy the peace which she has forfeited by her flirtations with Republicanism, with Constitutional Royalty, with Democratic Imperialism. The Orleanists have of their own accord placed themselves by his side and consented to share his vigil. They have no right to find fault with him because he does not invite France to begin a new career of political coquetry by presenting himself as a Constitutional King.

There are two difficulties in the way of the Count of CHAMBORD doing what the Orleanist section of the Fusion call upon him to do. In the first place, it is hard for him to say anything; in the second place, it is still harder for him to say anything to the purpose. He is in the position of a kind father deserted by his unthankful children. It is the children's place to come back to him, not his to hold out inducements to them to return. His terms have never varied; they have from first to last been submission on his side, to be followed by gracious forgiveness on his side. Now some of his children, a little less obdurate than the rest, have yielded the required submission, and then, almost before they have risen from their knees, have begun to insist on his making this and that concession as the price of their continuing to live with him. What can the Count of CHAMBORD do in such a case except remind them that it is they who profess to have changed, not he; that it is they who have consented to accept his idea of Monarchy, not he who has consented to accept their idea? The theory on which the Count of CHAMBORD's whole life has been arranged seems incompatible with the idea of his offering pledges or guarantees as the price of his restoration. Supposing, however, that this natural unwillingness on his part can be got over, and that the Count of CHAMBORD persuades himself to put forth some declaration of the principles on which he is ready to govern France, what is the declaration to include? It must contain something about the history of France for the last eighty years. Yet what can a BOURBON say of the First Revolution that Liberal Frenchmen can endure to hear? It must contain something about that particular event which made exiles of the elder branch of the Royal House. Yet what can HENRY V. say of the Revolution of 1830 that can please the men or the children of the men who placed LOUIS PHILIPPE on the throne? It must contain something about the Church. Yet what can the Sovereign who has consistently taken PIUS IX. for his example say that will satisfy a nation which has no other thought about the POPE than a determination not to draw the sword in his behalf? It is very well to censure the Count of CHAMBORD's obstinacy in not meeting the wishes of his followers by a frank acceptance of Liberal principles in Church and State, but if his critics would take the trouble to draw out the phrases in which this acceptance is to be conveyed, they would find that it is not very easy to frame them. Besides this, the Orleanists are but one element of the Fusion, and a declaration which would thoroughly please them might thoroughly displease the other element. The natural counsellors of the Count of CHAMBORD are not Orleanists, but Legitimists; not laymen who regard the Church as a useful political engine, but priests who regard the State as a mere instrument with which the Church is to work out her designs for the good of mankind. His special friends in the Assembly are not likely to draw up a political manifesto that will meet the views of the *Journal des Débats*, nor is the Archbishop of PARIS likely to be more successful in composing a religious manifesto. If the barrier between Orleanists and Legitimists had been merely personal—if there had been no question as to the principles on which France should be governed, but only as to whether the carrying out of these principles should be entrusted to the Count of CHAMBORD or the Count of PARIS—the visit of the latter to Frohsdorf would

have been a patriotic surrender of individual claims. But underneath the personal question lies a political question. The issue between the two sections of the Royalists is not who shall govern France; were it that only, all the obstacles to union between them would now be removed. It is how France shall be governed; and no matter what declarations the Count of CHAMBORD may be persuaded to put forth, the antagonism between Legitimacy and utility, between the Syllabus and modern society, will remain unsoftened.

The rumours as to the intention of the Ministry to propose a prolongation of Marshal MACMAHON'S powers are probably so far well founded that the Duke of BROGLIE is seriously considering how the Conservative party ought to act in the event of a Restoration being proved to be impossible. He is too shrewd a politician not to foresee that it is necessary to be prepared for this contingency. No doubt he would like to see a moderately Liberal Restoration, and in his dread of Radicalism he might even be willing to put up with a Restoration with the moderately Liberal qualification omitted. But this frame of mind is quite compatible with realizing how improbable it is that the Count of CHAMBORD will lend himself to the former solution, and how impossible it is that France should accept the latter. In that case what are the Conservatives to do, except prolong Marshal MACMAHON'S powers? There are great disadvantages attendant upon such a move, but when there is only a choice of evils, this is not a conclusive argument against any given selection. Monarchy being disposed of, there will remain only three alternatives—the Empire, the Republic, and a continuation of the present provisional and anomalous compromise. We acquit the Duke of BROGLIE of any conscious design of restoring the Empire. That, as M. THIERS predicted, may yet be the result of his action on the 24th of May; but it will not be the result he intended. Even if, as is far from unlikely, the Duke is slowly coming round to the conviction that a Conservative Republic is, under present circumstances, the best form of government for France, he would hardly care to proclaim his conversion quite so early. And even on this hypothesis, the prolongation of Marshal MACMAHON'S power would on the whole be the best way out of the immediate difficulty. It is of the utmost importance to the prospects of a Conservative Republic that it should be set up under conditions which will quiet the alarms of the Conservative party. It may be said that the conditions which M. THIERS'S Government supplied ought to have sufficed for this purpose, but as a matter of fact they did not. But with Marshal MACMAHON at the head of affairs the most timid shopkeeper or the most suspicious peasant may feel that his life and his property are safe, and that he may buy and sell and get gain with no anxieties save such as flow from the ordinary vicissitudes of business. Political predictions are notoriously unsafe in France; but as between the Count of CHAMBORD and Marshal MACMAHON, it seems more probable that Marshal MACMAHON will remain President than that the Count of CHAMBORD will become King.

INCOME-TAX FALLACIES.

A FAINT revival of the old controversy on the Income-tax may perhaps only indicate the autumnal scarcity of topics of interest. Mr. W. H. GLADSTONE indeed remarked at Whitby that the PRIME MINISTER could not be supposed to regard the tax with especial favour, inasmuch as he formed an elaborate plan twenty years ago for the gradual and total abolition of the burden. It might have been added that since 1853 Mr. GLADSTONE has repeatedly increased and varied the tax, and that he has often and lucidly explained the reasons which render a partial remission unjust, if not impracticable. As the constituency of Whitby were informed in the same speech that Mr. GLADSTONE declined the task of disestablishing the Church only by reason of weariness and advancing years, it may be inferred that the object was rather to consult the wishes of the electors than to give them official information. It is extremely improbable that the most skilful and experienced of living financiers should gratuitously announce the provisions of his future Budget six or seven months in advance. No similar obligation of secrecy is imposed on financial amateurs; nor is there any reason why they should not tender their advice to the Government before it is too late to adopt their suggestions. Mr. LEONE LEVI commenced the discussion by proposing the commutation of the tax on trading and professional incomes into an impost, not

on the class which was to be relieved, but on the whole community. Mr. JOHN MILL in a well-known passage recommended a House-tax as a fair approach to an Income-tax, because, "if what a person pays in house-rent is a test of anything, it is a test not of what he possesses, but of what he thinks he can afford to spend." The assumption that capacity of expenditure rather than extent of possessions ought to be the standard of liability to taxation is more than questionable. A shilling got, a shilling saved, and a shilling spent bear the same proportion to the entire wealth of the nation; nor is there any reason why the tax-collector should discriminate between equivalent values. Nevertheless Mr. MILL'S theory may be defended by plausible arguments which would be wholly inapplicable to Mr. LEVI'S proposal. If a House-tax is a fair and self-adjusted Income-tax, it ought to be imposed once for all, and equally; whereas Mr. LEVI'S plan is to extend the present house-tax as "the simplest mode of providing the two or three millions required to supply the void of the tax on professional incomes." The owners of property are, as at present, to pay a percentage on their incomes, and they are also to be mulcted in a House-tax for the benefit of brewers, bankers, cotton-spinners, and lessees of coal. The tax, according to Mr. LEVI'S proposal, is to be extended downwards to houses of the value of 10*l.*, and to be graduated so as to increase the rate on higher rents. The present limit of 20*l.* is arbitrary and was originally unfair; but Mr. DISRAELI'S proposal of including houses of 10*l.* rental and upwards was rejected by the House of Commons in 1852, and before and since that time the inequality has been in some degree redressed by the self-acting process of readjustment, which is common to all permanent taxes. The wanton experiment of graduation is not more applicable to a House-tax than to any other tax, and it would furnish a mischievous precedent. It seems impossible to convince financial theorists that it is not the business of Chancellors of the Exchequer to correct the inequalities of fortune by altering the relative condition of taxpayers.

Mr. LEVI has been followed, as might have been expected, by many other claimants for the relief of the unhappy contributors to Schedule D. The present agitators are perhaps the same who a few months ago less candidly demanded the total abolition of the Income-tax. It was, in fact, never intended that the recipients of fixed incomes should share the exemption with the numerous and powerful body of traders. The repeal of the Income-tax would have been almost necessarily accompanied by the imposition of a tax upon property which would have reproduced the present tax with the omission of Schedule D. It seems almost useless to demonstrate again and again the iniquity of a deliberately partial system of taxation. The enormous sums received annually in the form of profits and professional earnings are as permanent as the amount of rents and interest, and they are far more elastic. If the tax, amounting to two millions and a half, were added to the total returns under Schedule D, Parliament would have gratuitously enriched the trading and professional classes at the expense of the rest of the community. Annuitants, widows, and small fundholders and freeholders are already suffering under the increased price of coal, of which by far the greater part goes into the pockets of the lessees. Mr. LEVI and his allies propose that their small incomes shall be still further reduced, with the result of adding to the gains of the producers of coal. There are banks in London dating from the seventeenth century, and breweries which were established early in the eighteenth. Few fixed incomes have an equally long pedigree; and yet it is proposed that vast revenues derived from trade should be exceptionally exempt from taxation. Except for the purpose of illustration, any reference to the duration of trading incomes would be irrelevant. It matters nothing whether an income is worth two years' or two hundred years' purchase; nor is it material to inquire whether the present recipients have succeeded by descent or purchase to former possessors. One year's income is chargeable with one year's tax, and twenty or fifty years' income is chargeable with the corresponding number of payments. As long as legislation is unaffected by doctrines of Socialism, no Minister would propose that a partial equalization of incomes should, except as an incident of taxation, be effected by means of a forced contribution paid by property to trade. If the public expenses were paid out of the receipts from State domains, no taxes would be necessary, and the returns of trade and industry would, under the influence of economic causes, bear a certain proportion to the annual value of realized property.

The present Income-tax would affect all incomes equally, and therefore fairly, if only the receipts under Schedule D were not enormously reduced by fraud and evasion. Mr. LEVI oddly deduces from the losses to the revenue by false returns the strange conclusion that the class which furnishes the delinquents ought to be wholly exempted. "As Mr. GLADSTONE said, 'the exemption of one man means the taxation of another.'" The evasions of a tradesman impose a comparatively trifling tax on the landowner and the fundholder. The exemption of all trades and professional incomes would mean an addition of a considerable percentage to the tax on the returns of property. As Mr. GLADSTONE has frequently explained, the adoption of Mr. LEVI's scheme would involve, not only injustice to all other owners of property, but a direct breach of contract with the national creditor. The Acts which authorised the loans provided that the lenders should be subject to no special taxation, while the opponents of Schedule D deliberately propose to tax the fundholder for the relief of the traders who are included among his debtors. It is impossible to examine the matter from any point of view without finding fresh illustrations of its gross iniquity. The objections to Schedule D which are founded on the temptations which it may offer to fraud hardly furnish a sufficient reason for granting a boon to the wrongdoers.

Mr. WHITE, member for Brighton, in a letter to a local newspaper, undertakes to mitigate the injustice of a discriminative tax by retaining the charge on quarries, mines, ironworks, and similar undertakings; yet the lessee of a coal mine or the manufacturer of iron is as well entitled to exemption as a brewer or a banker, who in a precisely analogous manner earns a return on his capital. The transfer of ironworks to Schedule A would put ironmasters on the same footing with landowners; but it would merely render the rule of exemption more flagrantly capricious. Mr. WHITE may well save himself the trouble of adjusting taxes with apparent fairness when he candidly admits that it is his object to gratify popular feeling and prejudice by taxing the wealthier part of the community. "It ought not to be forgotten," he says, or rather it may be well in defiance of notorious facts to assert, "that it is the rich alone that now impose the taxes that the poor pay." Mr. LEVI, on the contrary, remarks with truth and candour that, "so far from their being heavily taxed, 'the labouring classes are regarded with special consideration in the present system of finance.'" The truth is that household voters, through their representatives, impose the Income-tax, which is not paid by those who have less than 100*l.* a year, nor indeed by artisans who earn double the amount; but Mr. WHITE's clients expect to be flattered, and they are not disappointed. "Hence," he proceeds, "there ought to be some large 'unmistakable tax levied on realized property, a tax which 'especially taxed rich people, otherwise there would be—I might say, there ought to be—much bitterness and discontent.'" The confusion between riches and realized property is common, and perhaps intentional. A small portion of realized property may leave the owner poor, as a large earned income makes him rich. Mr. WHITE subjects to his penal tax every man who receives 100*l.* a year from the Funds or from interest on a mortgage; and, indeed, when taxes are once imposed out of spite, or to propitiate unreasoning envy, it becomes useless to discuss incidental inequalities. If there were no taxes, the rich would still be objects of jealousy; but even Mr. WHITE would scarcely propose that they should be subjected to an arbitrary forfeiture for the purpose of appeasing the bitterness and discontent which he thinks fit to recognize and justify. Any Ministry which may direct the finances of the country will be well advised in leaving the Income-tax alone, as far as its principle is concerned; but the limit of exemption might be fairly raised in consequence of the increased cost of living, and in consideration of the exemption which highly-paid workmen secure for themselves in defiance of the law. There is no reason why a clerk or a curate should be taxed when a collier with double the income makes no return.

THE DOVER ELECTION.

ALTHOUGH the general election is understood to have been postponed till next year, there are abundant signs of electoral effervescence. It appears that there is a crowd of fourteen candidates waiting for the chance of an opening at Bath, whilst at Tralee the Home Rulers and the

supporters of The O'DONOGHUE have come to blows over a vacancy which has not yet been formally declared. It is not very long since a member of an English Ministry thought it necessary to describe The O'DONOGHUE in the House of Commons as a mannikin traitor; but since then messages of peace have naturally confirmed the faith of his countrymen in the efficacy of seditious menaces, each dose of which, it is thought, should be stronger than the last. Under the circumstances The O'DONOGHUE will probably be rejected as a lukewarm patriot. It has been calculated that throughout the whole of the United Kingdom the Conservatives have during the last five years won twenty-eight seats against ten won by the Liberals, and the chances would seem to be for the present still in their favour. The next election will take place at Dover, but there the issues would appear to be too strictly local and private to throw much light on the general drift of opinion. The MASTER of the ROLLS found it convenient to postpone his retirement from the seat until his former opponent, who had announced his intention to renew the contest at the next vacancy, had gone abroad; and Mr. FORBES, the Ministerial candidate, has enjoyed the advantage of his rival's absence. Mr. FORBES has been significantly introduced to the constituency as "a gentleman who 'has the conduct of a large and important railway—a railway which at the present moment is 'spending something like 1,000*l.* a week in the town of 'Dover.'" It has further been pointed out that he is also connected with other Railway Companies, and with various large business undertakings, and that he is "a gentleman able and willing to do the best he can for the benefit 'of the town.'" Mr. FORBES himself has taken care to assure the electors that he has acquired a knowledge of the interests of Dover, and "of the extent to which the interests 'of Dover are identical with the interests of the under-taking with which he is connected, and with the interests 'of JAMES STAATS FORBES"; and he thinks there is a good deal to be done for Dover, and that "it will answer his purpose 'very well to do it.'" It must be admitted that Mr. FORBES appears to be eminently a man of business habits, who goes straight to the point. Instead of troubling the electors with tiresome political dissertations, he takes his stand simply on his "connexion with a particular institution," and on what he can make the "particular institution" do for Dover if it is made worth his while. The LORD MAYOR of London, who is a candidate for Maidstone, has been giving his friendly support to the Managing Director of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway; and it is interesting to observe the lofty and patriotic counsels which the chief civic dignitary of the country has been bestowing on the electors. He reminded them that Mr. BARNETT, the Conservative candidate, had once spoken hopefully of a tunnel between the French and English coasts; but what would be the effect of a tunnel on the trade and prosperity of Dover? "It certainly might 'be a convenient thing for the inhabitants of the kingdom 'generally," but it would be a bad thing for Dover, as traffic would be sent through it "like peas through a pea-shooter, without conferring the least benefit on the town." It may be doubted whether the Calais tunnel is not as yet somewhat a remote question; but of course that does not affect the broad principle which the LORD MAYOR lays down, that the great end of Parliamentary government is to promote the obstructive interests of every little Hole-cum-Corner, at the expense of the general convenience and advantage at large.

It will occur to every one that this is a particularly auspicious moment for the manager of a railway to offer himself for election to the House of Commons. Every day, every hour, we might almost say every half-hour, something is happening to remind us of the delightful perfection to which railway management has now been carried, and to excite feelings of grateful emotion towards the gentlemen to whose care and assiduity we are indebted for these cheerful and encouraging results. It will be admitted that railway management has now reached an amazing point of perfection. As the Assistant-Manager of the London and North-Western Railway observed last week in reference to his Company's killing a lot of people at Wigan, and heroically refusing to do anything to prevent more people being killed in the same way at the same place, there is really nothing that the Companies can do which they have not done to make their arrangements absolutely perfect. Every day brings its own evidence of the beautiful finish of these arrangements, and it will readily be understood that railway

managers, having now brought the working of their lines into such faultless order, must find time hang heavily on their hands. They have done all that can possibly be done to make their lines safe and punctual, and there is really nothing left for them to do. The working of railways has in fact become not only perfect, but automatic; and the great minds which have hitherto directed the railway system are now at leisure to take up the political regeneration of the country. It is evident that men who have transacted their own business so triumphantly are precisely those who are wanted to set everything right in the State. Mr. FORBES, it seems, has only a couple of railways to manage just at present, and he is therefore quite an idle man, and it would be a charity to find him something to do. His friend Sir E. WATKIN manages three or four Companies, and yet has plenty of time for Parliamentary work. Mr. FORBES is Managing Director of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, and he is, or was lately, also a Managing Director of the Metropolitan District Railway. Anybody who did not understand railway management in its modern perfection might perhaps imagine that the management of a couple of important railways, or indeed of even one, would be almost enough for the energies of a single man. There are so many things to be seen to—the arrangement of traffic, the punctuality of trains, the security of the public, repairs on the line, wear and tear of rolling stock. Facing-points alone might be expected to cause many a sleepless night. Notions of this kind, however, are only a proof of ignorance. They show that the people who entertain them know very little about the management of railways. A master-mind does not allow itself to be disturbed by such petty details as facing-points that send trains two different ways, broken axles, or irregular speed. Some touch of human nature is to be found even in the greatest men, and it may be difficult not to feel a little momentary annoyance when accidents occur and people are killed; but a great mind knows that it is due to itself to preserve its equanimity under all circumstances. It would appear that Mr. FORBES has accustomed his two railways to manage themselves, and he is now sadly in want of some other occupation. He has formed some grand projects for the benefit of the human race, or at least of that part of it which lives at Dover. He has undertaken, as it were, to drive three horses abreast—the interests of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, the interests of Dover, and the interests of JAMES STAATS FORBES. The railway has not hitherto proved a highly lucrative investment to the shareholders, but it may perhaps be some consolation for them to know that it is at least serviceable in promoting the interests of the Managing Director and of those whom he is anxious to make his constituents.

We do not know that it is of very much consequence how the election goes, and it may probably be assumed that it will turn on local calculations of what is likely to be got out of the candidates; for if Mr. FORBES is a Managing Director, Mr. BARNETT is a great contractor, and gives, it seems, handsome subscriptions to local funds. There are, however, some considerations connected with the election which are not without interest to the public at large. Travellers to and from Dover are not exclusively inhabitants of that disinterested seaport, and they would probably prefer that Mr. FORBES should be left to give his undivided attention to the safety of passengers. If the history of railway accidents were closely analysed, it would, we suspect, be found that they are due in a large degree to the fact that the actual working of the lines is regarded as a mere detail of quite secondary importance. Railways are not conducted, as other forms of commercial enterprise are conducted, for the sake of the direct profits which they yield, but for the sake of all sorts of indirect and contingent speculations. The minds of directors are filled with grand schemes of financing, amalgamations, extensions, investments in land, building projects, docks or shipping enterprises; and railway managers spend half the year preparing schemes and plans, and the other half in haunting the Committee Rooms of St. Stephen's. The working of the lines, the keeping of the shop as it were, is meanwhile left to common clerks and porters. If managers and managing directors would only stick to their own proper work, there would probably be fewer accidents and better dividends. Again, it may be doubted whether at the present moment it is likely to be altogether for the benefit of the public that the railway interest in the House of Commons should be strengthened. There are several important questions which will have to come before Parliament, as, for example,

whether the continuance of dangerous level crossings, and the conversion of main lines into a series of goods-yards, with expresses constantly dashing through them, should be left absolutely at the discretion of the Companies, and also whether means cannot be devised of providing a simple and more summary process of obtaining damages for injury to life and limb; and every railway director who is returned means another vote in favour of reckless and homicidal management.

There is also another question which is suggested by the proceedings at Dover. What is bribery and corruption? Mr. FORBES has indignantly repelled the accusation that the screw has been applied to the clerks and workmen on the railway to compel them to vote for him, and we have no reason to doubt his word. The screw will not be of much effect against the Ballot; but there are other influences which the managing director of a great Company has at his disposal. It is quite possible that a railway may be worked in such a way as to give a particular town a great local advantage over other towns along the line. Trains may be run to suit its convenience; rates may be adjusted in its interest; and works may be established to swell its population and to bring money into the town. A managing director has a vast amount of patronage at his disposal, and has constantly to give decisions which may affect very considerably the interests of the place. It appears that there is a rivalry between Dover and Folkestone as to which should be the chief port for Continental traffic when the new docks at Boulogne are constructed, and Mr. FORBES promises the people of Dover that, if they elect him, he will do all he can in favour of Dover and against Folkestone. Very possibly Dover is for this purpose better than Folkestone, but the question is one which should be determined by other considerations than electoral favour. Mr. FORBES will no doubt say that he is only exercising the legitimate influence of his position in connection, as he puts it, with a particular institution, and we do not say that he is not. We merely wish to point out the existence of a new and dangerous form of political corruption.

PROGRESS OF INDIA.

WE have at length seen a model blue-book. The "Statement exhibiting the Moral and Material Progress and Condition of India during the year 1871-72" is the first of a new series of the Reports annually presented by the India Office, and it has been arranged so as to admit of easy reference on the part of persons interested in any one of the fifteen heads under which the affairs of India are grouped. Where necessary, the account of what has been done during the year under review is prefaced by a summary of the earlier history of the subject. Several maps of India are inserted, each coloured to illustrate the particular subject treated of. When we add that the statement seems to be thoroughly well done, that there is a very full table of contents prefixed to it, and that it is comprised within a blue-book of 160 pages, we shall not be thought to have praised Mr. MARKHAM's labours too highly. Englishmen cannot now complain of the impossibility of getting any information on Indian subjects. If they study this volume and its successors, they may easily know more about India than they probably know about their own country.

There is something very striking in the picture here presented of the Indian Government. There may be different opinions as to the wisdom which characterizes its labours, but there can be none as to the motive which dictates them. Everywhere the Government is seen playing the part of a visible Providence. To those who are accustomed to the conception of government which prevails in England this continual activity may seem excessive, but India is yet a long way from the point at which a people becomes demoralized by having too much done for it. In the most pressing needs to which they are exposed the natives cannot help themselves. They are powerless in the presence of great natural catastrophes; they can but sit and watch for the rain when it is due, and die of famine if it does not come. Drought and famine are on too large a scale in India to be healed by mere private enterprise. "Agriculture in India," says Mr. MARKHAM, "is susceptible of almost indefinite improvement." The natives work only by rule of thumb, and the improvement of existing products equally with the introduction of new ones depends in the first instance entirely on the Government. In the year with which this Statement has to

do Lord MAYO created a new department of "Revenue, Agriculture, and Commerce," which has charge of all questions relating to land, trade, and statistics. As regards the last subject especially there is an immense amount of work to be done. The survey of only a part of Bengal, carried on under the Court of Directors between the years 1807 and 1813, fills fifty folio volumes of maps and manuscripts, and some record of the kind exists in almost every district. In 1871 Dr. HUNTER was appointed Director-General of the new Statistical Survey, and the appendix to his book on Orissa forms the first part of his labours. The need of correct statistics has been strikingly shown by the results of the Census of 1871. In Bengal, says the LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR, the Census may almost be said to have revolutionized our ideas as to the amount of the population, as to its distribution over districts, races, and religions, and as to the incidence of taxation. The population of the provinces under the Government of Bengal had been set down in round numbers at forty-two millions. It turned out to be sixty-six millions. Of these nearly a third are Mahometans, and in certain districts the Mahometans are largely in excess of the Hindus. These districts do not include the ancient seats of Mahometan power, for at Dacca, Patna, and Murshidabad there are scarcely any Mahometans. The conclusion drawn from this fact is that the Bengal Mahometans are not descendants of the old conquerors, but of converts who were low-caste Hindus, and who embraced Islam to escape from their ignoble position under the Hindu system. It is a startling reflection that Bengal alone contains more Mahometans than any other country in the world. The taking of the Census was regarded with great suspicion by the lower classes among the natives. The general belief was that it was the forerunner of a new tax, but in some places it was supposed that the inhabitants were to be drafted to the hills, where coolies were wanted; and in Murshidabad a still more rigorous Malthusianism was attributed to the Government in the shape of a report that the authorities intended to blow the surplus population away from guns.

The most important chapter perhaps in the Statement is that which deals with irrigation. A convenient map shows the various degrees in which an artificial supply of water is necessary and important in India. In the North-West there is a region, comprising all Sind and half the Punjab, in which the annual rainfall is less than fifteen inches. Here without irrigation human life cannot be sustained. Surrounding this arid zone there is a Northern dry zone from one to two hundred miles in width, in which the annual rainfall is between fifteen and thirty inches. This district includes Delhi and Agra. A similar zone extends over the interior of the peninsula south of Bombay. In both these cases also irrigation is essential to the existence of the population. The upper part of the valley of the Ganges, Central India, and the Eastern coast of the Madras Presidency constitute a fourth zone, in which the rainfall is between thirty and sixty inches. Even here great distress is often caused by want of irrigation. The deltas of the Mahanadi and the Ganges, together with a strip of land along the northern side of the Ganges valley, have a rainfall of from sixty to seventy-five inches. Here irrigation becomes a luxury, often useful, but never necessary. On the West coast of the peninsula and on the East coast of the Bay of Bengal come two zones of excessive rainfall where irrigation finds no place. Mr. MARKHAM gives a full and interesting account of the steps which the Government of India has been taking for many years past to meet these several needs. In 1864 it was decided that the State should undertake the irrigation works instead of entrusting them to private Companies with guaranteed interest. In 1867 an Inspector-General of Irrigation was appointed, with Irrigation Secretaries in each Presidency. Every year a sum is assigned for irrigation works from the ordinary revenues of the year, which is not to be transferred to any other class of works. When this sum is spent additional works may be executed by loans. The Irrigation Department has also under its charge the vast system of embankments which in the zones of excessive rainfall are required to protect the country from disastrous inundations.

The connexion usually supposed to exist between the need for irrigation and the preservation of forests is doubted by Dr. BRANDIS and other officers of experience. But even if the absolute rainfall is not diminished by the denudation of the country, forests are of great indirect importance to the success of irrigation schemes. Where the mountains are bare, the surface drainage is extremely rapid, the

irrigating rivers are flooded in the wet season, and deprived of part of their supply during the dry season. Where the forests are preserved, the surface drainage is gradual, the springs remain longer full, and the need for husbanding water becomes at the same time both less urgent and more easily supplied. Besides this, timber is in great and increasing demand for fuel, for building, and for use on railways. Rich as India naturally is in forests, the Government has great difficulties to contend with in preserving them. In the unreserved forests, which are under the management of local officers, the people possess or exercise rights of pasturage, of burning, and of desultory and exhausting cultivation, which annually cause great destruction of timber. Jungle fires are constantly lighted either to clear a space for cultivation or for the sake of the fresh grass which springs up afterwards. In the patches thus cleared a crop is raised for a single year without the aid either of the plough or the spade. In the following year the field is abandoned and another patch of forest burnt down. A more costly mode of agriculture cannot be imagined. To gain a single crop millions of seedling trees are destroyed, while for a considerable distance round the bark of the trees is scorched, the wood exposed to the air, and the timber rendered hollow and useless. As yet forest legislation is extremely imperfect. By an Act passed in 1865 the local Governments are empowered to prohibit the destruction of trees, but the Act does not extend to Madras and Bombay, and has not been largely applied even in Bengal. Existing forest rights and the difficulty of exercising effective supervision in the more remote districts present serious obstacles to any real improvement in this direction. Besides the plantations made for the supply of timber, large tracts of ground are now set apart in the hills for the growth of the cinchona plant. On the Nilgiri hills there are now more than two million and a half of plants, and it is found that the bark of the cultivated tree is very much richer in quinine than the bark of the wild tree. Large quantities are now exported, while in India itself the Government is doing its best to bring quinine within the reach of all classes. This is the more important since the progress of irrigation, necessary as it is to the support of the population, in many districts is found to increase the prevalence of fever.

As regards the administration of justice, the most notable feature is the number of civil suits. In Oudh they have doubled in four years; in the North-Western Provinces the number during the year 1871-72 was the highest since the mutiny. This is held to be a sign of great indebtedness and poverty. The suits "are generally for money on written promises to pay, and on very small sums . . . The principal is never paid off, but the interest is mercifully exacted, and the people become slaves to the money-lenders." Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL is disposed to think that the "tendency to uphold doctrines of bare law, and the literal enforcement of contracts alleged to have been entered into by ignorant and improvident people," operate very harshly against the poor. In England the same evil existed before the institution of County Courts, and it eminently deserves consideration whether some similar relief could not be applied in India. Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL is also opposed to the present multiplication of appeals, as giving immense advantage to the rich, and promoting a litigious temper among a race which has no need of external stimulus in that direction. The criminal interest of the year chiefly attaches to the North-West Provinces, where the police are engaged in putting down hereditary thieving and preventing infanticide. There are twenty-nine tribes who support themselves during part of the year by systematic plunder, the gains being divided according to a fixed rule. By an Act passed in 1871 the Government is empowered to remove a criminal tribe into a reformatory settlement, where the members are provided with land at low rates, and encouraged to live an honest life. At the same time they are subjected to rigorous police supervision, and arrested if found beyond the limits of the settlement. Infanticide is being attacked by accurate registration of births and by frequent inspection of female infants. Any village in which the number of girls is less than 40 per cent. that of the whole number of children is proclaimed, and in the proclaimed villages the police supervision is exceptionally rigorous. The cost of the extra police required is paid by a small tax on each house. The number of girls surviving infancy is already decidedly on the increase.

THE SPEAKER AND HIS LABOURERS.

A YEAR has passed since the SPEAKER publicly invited the labourers in his employment to invest their savings in his farm. He offered to pay them a small fixed interest on their investments, and also to give them a share in the profits of the farming capital to which they were to contribute. Mr. BRAND's position and character naturally attracted attention to a scheme which might well be generally adopted if it were found advantageous in a particular instance. Neither the proposer of the plan nor those who discussed its merits considered that the admission of labourers to a qualified partnership in the farm would be useful or generally practicable if it were an act of voluntary benevolence. A change in the economic relations of different classes can only be effected by an appeal to the interests of those concerned. Farmers would probably find it worth while to share their profits to some extent with their labourers if a modified system of co-operation were found to promote industry and fidelity. On the other hand, labourers would perhaps work more steadily if they were certain that regularity and energy would better their condition. After the lapse of twelve months the SPEAKER at his harvest-home dinner has expressed his regret that not one of his labourers had thought fit to accept his proposal. Reluctance to try a novel experiment is not a proof that it would have failed; but the authority of the labourers of Glynde, whatever it may be worth, confirms the opinion of economists, that the well-meant offer of the SPEAKER was founded on an erroneous theory. One objection to the boon which he tendered was that it was insignificant in amount. The profits of the Glynde farm may perhaps in favourable years be 10 per cent. on the capital employed, or 2*l.* on 20*l.* invested by a labourer. The landlord undertook to pay a fixed interest of 2½ per cent., so that, in a year when the profits were absorbed by the losses, the labourer would only receive 10*s.* on his investment. Although the workman might scarcely make the calculation for himself, astute advisers would perhaps suggest that his acceptance of a fractional partnership would give him, to the extent of his contribution, an interest in resisting an advance of wages. A rise of a shilling a week would produce 2*l.* 12*s.* in the year, and it might perhaps annihilate for the time the farmer's profits. Country labourers have recently learnt the ruinous doctrine which has long been held by artisans, that labour and capital are necessarily and perpetually hostile to one another; and it is a legitimate inference from the fundamental proposition that the losses or gains of the investor vary inversely with those of the workman. By the suspicious rural mind the SPEAKER's offer was perhaps construed as an attempt to overreach his labourers, disguised in the form of a bribe.

A more substantial defect in the scheme is the unsoundness of the calculation on which it is founded. A share of profits unaccompanied by liability to loss can only be secured by a guarantee. To a wealthy landowner the sacrifice of a few hundreds in a bad year may matter little; but the ordinary farmer will not undertake a risk without some equivalent advantage. A more feasible plan, which has been adopted in some parts of the country, consists in a scale of extra payments for skilled labour in proportion to its results. It is not unusual to allow a shepherd a certain sum in addition to his wages for every lamb which is reared; nor would it be unreasonable to give labourers on an arable farm a bonus calculated on the excess over a fixed amount of the profits of a grain crop; but, on the whole, it is probably best for all parties that the price of labour should depend on the market rate. When workmen are scarce they have within certain limits the power of dictating their own terms; nor is there any reason why they should not stipulate for the nature as well as for the amount of their remuneration. There are districts in which every labourer requires grass for a cow as a part of his wages; and no custom tends more directly to promote the health of the population. In a rapidly rising market it is not likely that labourers will prefer to an increase of wages a moderately profitable mode of investing their savings. The jealousy and discontent which have been sedulously promoted by aggressive agitators probably disincline labourers to listen with candour to the most liberal offers from landlords whom they are taught to regard as their natural enemies. The organ of the Agricultural Labourers' Union teaches them that the improvement of their condition can only be attained by social revolution. The robbery or expropriation of the landowners excites far more enthusiasm than any measure tending merely to the increase of wages.

The so-called Conservatives who, in pursuance of Mr. DISRAELI's former policy, are now bidding against Mr. GLADSTONE for the opportunity of extending household suffrage to counties, will do well to study the writings and speeches of the rural demagogues. Two phrases which also appear in the publications of the Birmingham League are admirably calculated by their suggestive vagueness to stimulate imaginative cupidity. "Free land" and "free labour" might be supposed to imply the removal of restrictions such as those which protective duties impose on commercial exchange; yet the freedom of land is only limited by the freedom of disposal allowed to the owners; and labour is in every intelligible sense absolutely free from the choice or caprice of employers. The only existing impediment to freedom of labour is offered by Trade Unions, which, whether or not they conduce to the interests of workmen, are certainly not devoted to the maintenance of freedom. As used by agitators, the phrase "free labour" seems to mean labour which is highly paid, or perhaps exemption from legal liability to perform industrial contracts. The demand for "free land" is still more ambiguous, although it is used with a sufficiently definite purpose by the avowed advocates of confiscation. The Labourers' Unions have no interest in the abolition of settlements and entails, except so far as absolute ownership might possibly in some cases promote the expenditure of capital on improvements. By "free land" demagogues really mean land free either from private ownership, or at least relieved from the titles of its present possessors. That the redistribution of the land in smaller portions would leave the principle of ownership in land both untouched and practically strengthened is a consideration too remote for revolutionary theorists. Co-operative farming, which may perhaps at some future time be successfully attempted, is not less dependent than petty freehold culture on absolute ownership of land. The political section of agricultural labourers have within a year or two advanced to many of the conclusions which are propounded by Continental reformers at the Hague or at Geneva; but it may be safely assumed that the scheme of vesting the ownership of land in the State would find no favour with rural workmen.

Such schemes as that projected by Mr. BRAND will be more likely to succeed if they are not publicly advertised. A landowner or farmer who knows himself to possess the confidence of an intelligent labourer may persuade him to try an experiment of co-operation or partnership which would inevitably be repeated if it were found to succeed. An allotment of two or three acres of pasture land at a fair farming rent would in many cases provide a better opportunity of investment than a fractional share in the profits of a farm. The distribution of profits among workmen, which has been tried by one or two coalowners and ironmasters, appears not to have succeeded so far as to be widely imitated. It would be highly desirable that some intelligent body of colliers should accept Mr. ELLIOT's offer of the lease of a coalpit on equitable terms, to be worked by themselves; yet the distinction between profits and wages is natural and indestructible. Associated capitalists would still be capitalists with an interest in obtaining cheap labour, while the same persons in their capacity of workmen would desire to obtain the highest possible wages. As long as the shares were widely and equally distributed, general opinion might perhaps encourage regular and productive labour; but the proprietors would, if their undertaking were profitable, admit new partners only on onerous terms; and if they employed hired labourers to assist them, they would be found hard and niggardly taskmasters. The anarchical theorists at Geneva and other places, to whose discussions an excessive amount of attention has lately been directed, are already divided in opinion on the question of co-operation. The more sagacious of their leaders understand that, even when they are received by the same persons, profits and wages are necessarily distinct. Agitation might easily disorganize industry, but it will have no effect in modifying the economic conditions of production. If Unions are necessary to secure to labourers the just price of their work, it would be unjust as well as useless to object to their introduction into the rural districts. Combinations for promoting emigration are not less legitimate and justifiable. Unfortunately the demagogues who have assumed the control of the movement have already almost lost sight of the objects which they originally affected to pursue. The virulence of the agitators against the clergy indicates the influence of Dissenting preachers, and partially explains the coldness by which the

clergy offend the sentimental patrons of Agricultural Unions. Instead of protesting against the stinginess of farmers, the professed leaders of the Unions sometimes indulge their sectarian prejudices by denouncing Mr. GLADSTONE because he is supposed to be friendly to the Church, Mr. FORSTER because he has left a Dissenting body, and Mr. LOWE for the forcible reason that he is the son of a clergyman.

HOME RULE AND THE IRISH PRIESTS.

IT is more surprising that the Irish Roman Catholic Bishops should so long have been silent on the question of Home Rule than that they should now have begun to speak on it. The natural tendency of the Catholic clergy in Ireland is always to take the popular side in politics. Their own feelings and sympathies are acted on by the same considerations that move the feelings of the laity, and their dependence on their flocks gives them a direct personal interest in being on good terms with them. An Irish priest who took the side of the English Government in Irish politics must count to reap the consequences in diminished fees and diminished influence. One exception to this general rule has grown up of late years. Since the POPE has been a sufferer by revolution the Roman Catholic Church has steadily set her face against revolutionary movements. She does not mind intriguing against the German Empire or the Italian kingdom, because she regards them as the offspring of the very tendencies she so much dislikes, but insurrections which aim at the establishment of a Republic are hateful for their associations, if not for themselves. So long, therefore, as the Nationalist movement in Ireland was identified with Fenianism, the priests had no choice but to stand aloof from it. Catholic policy in Europe generally overrode in the minds of the authorities Catholic interests in a particular country. As regards the bishops, no doubt obedience to Rome was made easier by the conviction that Fenianism was a hopeless cause. Still it could not have been pleasant for the clergy to find themselves almost for the first time in a position of declared or passive antagonism to their people. Their influence over them had been so mixed up with their leadership in secular matters, that it was difficult to feel sure that it would not be put in peril by their abandonment of that character; and among the lower class of priests there was probably sufficient sympathy with the movement for its own sake to make the episcopal restraint exceedingly irksome. It was to be expected therefore that the clergy would look out eagerly for an opportunity of reinstating themselves in the affections of the people. The Nationalist agitation, now that it has discarded its more ambitious designs, and re-christened itself by the innocent title of the Home Rule movement, provides just the occasion they are in search of. It implies no disloyalty to the English Crown, for, whatever schemes the promoters of the agitation may hold in reserve, they profess at present no wish to repudiate Imperial control, nor even Imperial legislation, except in matters affecting the internal affairs of Ireland. Unlike Fenianism, it is a movement in which everybody can bear his part without danger, so that the exhortations of the clergy to have nothing to say to it would not be seconded by motives of worldly prudence. It is probable, therefore, that these exhortations would have proved useless, even if they had been uttered, and there is nothing which the Irish bishops would more dislike than to see an agitation to which they had shown themselves either hostile or indifferent become universally popular. Nothing is more injurious to natural leadership than the discovery that natural leaders can be dispensed with. Nor is there any need why they should put any restraint on themselves in this matter. In an Irish Legislature the Roman Catholic clergy would exercise very great power, and as it would be difficult to exclude the endowment of religion from the purely local concerns of each kingdom, they would certainly get the educational endowments they want, even if they got nothing more. On the other hand, the University Bill of last Session represented the largest amount of concession to be looked for from an English Minister, and after that was rejected they had nothing left to hope for from Mr. GLADSTONE. Thus all the reasoning which is likely to have weight with them pointed the same way, and the result is seen in the resolutions which have just been adopted by the Bishop and clergy of the diocese of Cloyne.

The effect on the Home Rule movement of this public admission of the Roman Catholic clergy will perhaps not be very

great. In point of fact, its dimensions are already almost as imposing as they can be. It is probable that nearly every seat in Ireland, except those in which Protestantism is an indispensable title to the confidence of the voters, will be carried by the Home Rule party at the general election, and even the support of the priests can hardly make the triumph more complete. The Irish populace have not waited to be told that the claim of legislative independence for Ireland is "the assertion of a true principle and the vindication of an outraged right." They have made up their minds on this point without the aid of the clergy. Still, though the movement may not be really strengthened by the Cloyne resolutions, and the others for which they will supply the pattern, it will receive a sort of official stamp which has hitherto been wanting to it. It is open to any one to deny the seriousness of a popular movement in Ireland with which the priests have nothing to do; but now that they have given it their formal recognition it will be impossible to deny any longer that England is once more confronted by a formidable Irish agitation. There will again be an independent Irish Opposition in the House of Commons giving neither party its certain support, but tempting both by offers of momentary co-operation, and upsetting the calculations of both by unexpected desertions. The solid benefits which have been conferred on Ireland by the legislation of 1869 and 1870 will be forgotten, and the old commonplaces about English misrule will be revived, because England does not choose to risk seeing the policy of the Empire interfered with by so-called local legislation. Still it will be well to be on our guard against exaggeration even in the presence of so annoying a conviction. The Home Rule movement will certainly be less formidable than any of its predecessors. The very circumstance which gives it numerical strength—the moderation of its demands—will in another respect prove an element of weakness. A political agitation which starts by disclaiming any intention of seeking separation from England must to Irishmen seem but a tame successor to Fenianism, or even to Repeal. Recent legislation has taken away many of the practical reasons for desiring to see a local assembly sitting in Dublin; and when that assembly is to be only a sort of subordinate Parliament, having no voice in the general policy of the Empire, the romantic and sentimental reasons for desiring it lose much of their force. Even the maintenance of an independent Opposition is less easy in practice than it is in theory. When an Irish member is on the hustings he may protest with fluent enthusiasm his determination to have no dealings with either Liberals or Conservatives until Ireland has regained her "plundered rights." But it will be difficult for him to be long in the House of Commons without learning to associate himself with one party or the other; and the temptation to vote for a measure which he wishes to see passed, or against a Ministry which he wishes to see defeated, will be always tending to become irresistible. Nor will he be sustained by the feeling that on his own theory he has no business in the Imperial Parliament, and only keeps his seat there in order to bring about his final exclusion. That was the Nationalist position, but it is not the position of the Home Ruler. If the business of the whole Empire is brought to a stand and the establishment of a strong Government made impossible, it will be for no better reason than because Ireland cannot agree with England and Scotland as to the best mode of managing her local business.

On the other hand, the apparent smallness of the object in dispute will in some respects increase the difficulty of refusing concession. If the Home Rule movement were really what it claims to be—a proposal for relieving a Parliament confessedly overburdened by assigning specific parts of its work to local bodies representing larger or smaller members of the Empire—it would be met in a very different spirit from that which is likely to be called forth by it in its present form. Supposing, for instance, that the suggestion of local Legislatures had come from an English or Scotch member, and had merely been offered as a contribution towards the problem how to make the capacity of the Imperial Parliament keep pace with the increasing demands on it, it might have been debated with as much calmness as a proposal to distribute the House of Commons into Grand Committees. Why then, it will be asked, should so much excitement be imported into the debate because it comes from Ireland? If it is unreasonable in an Irish minority to stop the course of Imperial affairs rather than that their country should remain without a particular application of

the recognized principle of local self-government, is it not equally unreasonable in an English and Scotch majority to acquiesce in this interruption rather than concede a particular application of a recognized principle? The answer to these questions is simple enough. Home Rule in the mouth of an Irishman does not mean the same thing as Local Self-Government in the mouth of an Englishman. Before it can be taken to mean the same thing, the history and antecedents of the agitation must be forgotten. A "vindication of an outraged right," which is the phrase used by the most moderate advocates of Home Rule to describe its scope and purpose, stands for a great deal more than a desire that certain purely Irish affairs should be dealt with without being necessarily brought before the Imperial Parliament. Englishmen believe that, in spite of all assurances to the contrary, the Home Rule party in Ireland wish something for their country which is incompatible with the unity and integrity of the Empire. So long as Englishmen believe this they will resist the demand to the utmost of their strength, no matter how moderate it may be in form. Before the Home Rulers can even be listened to they must show some better evidence than a mere clerical resolution that they honestly, as well as emphatically, disclaim any intention of seeking for separation from England.

DESCRIPTIVE REPORTING.

A QUESTION has arisen as to the propriety of allowing the newspapers to publish what are called descriptive reports of the TICHBORNE trial. The descriptive reporter was already known as a new, curious, and possibly, to persons of a fastidious taste, not very agreeable, product of modern civilization. His appearance in the Law Courts marks the arrival of a new era in the conduct of judicial proceedings, which may possibly in time produce some important and rather startling results. The theory to which the descriptive reporter owes his existence would seem to be that news has no value of its own, or at least very little value except as a means of excitement and amusement. Great ideas are usually found to be germinating in many minds pretty much about the same time, and it appears to have simultaneously occurred to a number of sensational writers that the practical application to the purposes of their craft of the old saying about facts being stranger than fiction had hitherto been somewhat neglected. Fiction involves the labour of invention, while facts are ready to hand, and are often much more wonderful. Consequently a strong mixture might be concocted by dressing up facts as much as possible in the guise of fiction. This is at first sight easier than the invention of incidents for novels, and the literary result is at least equally exciting. The idea has been carried out with much cleverness and industry and with considerable audacity, and descriptive reporting now forms the staple manufacture of contemporary journalism. But the consequences threaten to be somewhat embarrassing. The art received a conspicuous impulse from the Franco-German war. There was then abundant scope for graphic writing, but since the war ceased the professors of the art have unfortunately had nothing to describe except the common events of the day—the laying of a foundation-stone, the opening of a drinking-fountain, or the review of a few companies of Volunteers in a field. They make the most, however, of their scanty materials, and dress them up as much as possible in the old heroic forms. We should think that it was scarcely possible to imagine a more melancholy example of perverted ingenuity than the dismal narratives of the recent military manoeuvres, in which an attempt was made to describe mechanical parades as much as possible in the style of a history of real warfare. The readers of this dreary stuff were supposed to be thrilled by references to "the enemy," and by the mock apprehensions excited by the imaginary reports of sham scouts. The drawback of descriptive reporting is that, although it is perhaps easier to prank up facts with fine writing than to invent well-contrived incident, yet invention is after all more suitable for the regular supply of an article of daily commerce, and cannot be wholly dispensed with. Facts which are not sufficiently sensational in themselves must be made so by the manner in which they are presented. But then a fact is a fact only when it is let alone, and the dressing-up process is apt to introduce new and unexpected features. The consequence is that there has lately been observable in some of the newspapers a

tendency towards the mixing up of fact and fiction in rather a hopeless manner, so that simple-minded people are beginning to desire that they might be served with the plain truth and its literary adornments in separate columns.

It was of course impossible that so tempting a subject as the daily progress of the TICHBORNE case should be overlooked as a subject for descriptive reporting. The *Times*, which, to its credit, has never stooped to pander in this way to the vulgar tastes of ignorant and idle people, has contented itself with a brief and simple summary of the most striking points in the evidence of each day. Most of the other morning newspapers, however, have treated their readers to gay and graphic sketches of the appearance of the Court, the demeanour of counsel and witnesses, and the impression produced by various pieces of testimony. A sharp eye was also kept on the CLAIMANT to see how he liked it, and when he did not seem to like it, though it might have been the east wind or tooth-ache, or the pure fancy of the reporter, the circumstance was of course sure to be recorded. All this, it must be admitted, made very lively reading. It is not everybody who has the time or patience to wade through five or six columns of questions and answers in small type, but here were all the good bits set out in the most attractive way, with all the little incidents and episodes, and a droll picture of the fencing of counsel and the shuffling of witnesses. Supposing the whole affair to have been got up merely for the entertainment of the public, these reports would have been quite in keeping with the spirit of the proceedings. The only objection to them was that it happened to be a solemn judicial inquiry which was going forward, and that, in their anxiety to amuse the public, the reporters were, in fact, anticipating the duties of the judges and jury, and trying the case on their own responsibility. The jury must reserve their verdict till the last, but each day the reporters passed what was in effect a running verdict on the speeches or evidence as far as they had gone. At last the Judges found it necessary to interpose. The fun, which at first had been mild and guarded, had been gradually getting more fast and furious, and witnesses were described and dissected with a degree of freedom and candour which showed that the reporters had lost pretty well all sense of judicial restraint. The CHIEF JUSTICE intimated in the gentlest manner the disapprobation of the Bench. The Judges, he said, had no desire to limit the liberty of reporting, but they thought there should be no quarrelling with or upholding of particular witnesses; in other words, the reporters had better allow the Judges and jury to form their own estimate of the honesty of witnesses and of the weight to be attached to their statements. Since then the graphic vivacity of the reports has been somewhat moderated; but the question remains whether, in the nature of things, a descriptive report, which goes beyond the letter of the evidence, and introduces all sorts of personal impressions which may or may not have any foundation beyond the casual fancy of individual reporters, each anxious to turn out a lively column for the next day's paper, can avoid trenching on the domain of comment. It is one thing to condense or explain, by reference to the context or to previous evidence, the statements of a witness, but it is a very different thing to attempt to convey the impression produced by the witness's tones and manner of giving evidence.

The way in which the TICHBORNE case has been reported in the newspapers, and the remarks which are from time to time made on it, help to bring out very strongly the change which has taken place in the relation of the public to judicial proceedings. Formerly it was supposed that nobody had any concern in a lawsuit except the Court and the parties on each side. The Court assumed absolute charge of the case, and was jealous even of its being reported until it had passed out of its hands. Occasionally the publication of reports was forbidden until a decision had been given, or at least until the whole of the evidence had been completed. It is doubtful whether a judge would venture to make such an order at the present day, although there can be no question that he has the power to do so if he pleases. The public has now stepped in to claim an interest in the proceedings as a matter of news, and a section of the press seems to be anxious to encourage the idea that the great object of judicial inquiries is not so much to detect and punish crime or to settle the claims of rival litigants as to furnish the materials of amusing or exciting narratives for the benefit of newspaper readers. A few weeks ago there were demands that Dr. KENEALY should be pulled up in

his speech because people were tired of reading it, and were anxious to see what his witnesses looked like. At other times it has been suggested that various heads of evidence had become wearisome and should be suppressed. In a well-known trial for treason some fifty years ago the publication of the evidence was prohibited until the case was over, lest certain witnesses should see it while the trial was going on, and should get up their own testimony to suit. Witnesses have now every opportunity of knowing what has taken place down to within a short time of their own appearance in the box. Occasionally it may happen that the publication of evidence serves the interests of justice by bringing forward witnesses who would otherwise never have been discovered; but it need hardly be said that it also offers facilities for the concoction of false testimony. On the whole, it must be admitted that the new view of courts of law as a sort of great manufactory of interesting matter for the newspapers is apt to be attended with some inconvenience. It would be difficult and perhaps impossible to interfere with the liberty of reporting trials from day to day; but there can be no doubt that, in the interest of literary decency as well as of justice, descriptive reporting should be strenuously discouraged. The proprietors of the papers who print this sort of stuff will no doubt continue to supply whatever they can find a market for; but they will hesitate to expose themselves to the penalties of contempt of court. It is difficult even to condense evidence without indirectly, in the selection of what seem to be important and significant passages, passing an opinion on it; but description passes imperceptibly into comment of the broadest kind, and the delicate line is almost certain to be transgressed. It is not very long since we read a report of a trial for murder at the Old Bailey, in which the real or supposed starts and twitchings and changes of expression on the part of the prisoner were depicted during the progress of the case as the signs of guilty terror and remorse.

COMMERCIAL MORALITY.

TWO or three little stories which have appeared in the papers during the last few days—and those days have perhaps not been more fertile in scandal than usual—are unpleasantly illustrative of our views of commercial morality. A confiding widow, for example, saw an advertisement offering Wallsend coal for 27s. She bought four tons, which turned out to be totally unfitted for burning. The seller was summoned before Alderman Finnis, and, without disputing the facts, set up a remarkable defence. It was argued on his behalf that he had published “a mere tradesman’s advertisement.” It would appear that a tradesman’s advertisement is a delicate circumlocution for a false statement. The falsehood, however, was asserted to be so transparent that nobody ought to have been deceived by it. If the purchaser really fancied that she was to get Wallsend coals for 27s., she was a fool for her pains, and had no right to expect a remedy. The doctrine does not appear to be peculiar to the coal trade. A dairyman was recently summoned before Mr. Ingham, charged with mixing his milk with water, an offence which, however common, is not very agreeable at the present moment. Here, too, it was argued that people who bought milk for 4d. a quart must know that it was adulterated. Mr. Ingham replied very pertinently that, if people wished to have water mixed with their milk, they would probably prefer to perform the operation for themselves; and the unlucky milkman was fined 10s., with the alternative of two months’ imprisonment. Alderman Finnis also declined to sanction this ingenious mode of argument, though we regret that he only fined the coal-merchant 1s. a ton, instead of inflicting the full penalty of 10s. Not being ourselves either coal-merchants or milk-dealers, we have very little sympathy with the plea they put forward; although they might possibly claim the sanction of a certain celebrated Cabinet Minister, who, as we all know, considers adulteration to be simply a form of legitimate competition. That such practices should be put down with a strong hand seems to the unsophisticated mind as obvious as that picking pockets should be emphatically discouraged. A man who sells a quart of water and calls it milk cheats his customers quite as dishonestly as if he stole their money in a simpler fashion, even if he simultaneously sells four quarts of milk at the acknowledged price. It is exactly the same as if his customers paid him in gilt money and called it gold. In short, the matter does not really admit of an argument, and all consumers, to say nothing of honest traders, must be anxious to see the law rigorously enforced.

The unpleasant part of such transactions is the light which they throw upon the ideas of honesty prevalent amongst retail dealers. When a man has the impudence to say that his customers are to be blamed for their own folly if he succeeds in imposing upon them, we are amazed at the audacity of his assumption. And yet there are too good reasons for thinking that a very similar code of morality is prevalent amongst merchants who trade upon a much larger scale. We need not recall the notorious facts which

have thrown so much discredit upon our manufactures. What are we to think of it all? When it suddenly turned out three years ago that the military stores of men and material upon which the French nation relied in its need had been adulterated on a gigantic scale, we acknowledged that defeat was a natural penalty for widespread corruption. If the English commercial system is tainted with a dishonesty so widely spread that the recollection of what honesty means is beginning to grow faint, may we not expect to meet some day with a catastrophe of a different kind, but not less startling or disastrous? The question well deserves examination by those who are interested in the matter and have the necessary means of information. We shall not attempt to say more at present than that some ugly symptoms undoubtedly exist. The complaint, indeed, is not a new one. Adulteration, though the art may have been carried to an unprecedented pitch of refinement, has probably existed as long as there have been such things as shopkeepers; and to justify any decided opinion upon the disease from which we are suffering, we should have to say whether it is becoming more virulent than of old, and is more prevalent amongst ourselves than amongst our neighbours. That the first of these propositions is true is indeed highly probable from general considerations, and may suggest to moral philosophers some curious speculations.

Ethical treatises and sermons of all kinds lay down moral rules in the most general terms. The commandment is that we should commit no murder, not that we should refrain from murdering a particular class of people. In practice, however, such laws are interpreted after quite a different fashion. We are always very slow to admit that we owe the same duties to all mankind. Everybody knows, for example, that the law against murder is frequently understood with strict limitations. A colonist in any wild country is very sceptical as to its having any application to aborigines. Or, again, to take a trivial instance, it is curious to remark the way in which a schoolboy interprets the duty of speaking the truth. The same boy who would be utterly ashamed of telling a deliberate falsehood to one of his companions would think it a point of honour to deceive his masters upon certain subjects. In short, moral sense in its rudimentary stages is generally identified with some class feeling. The savage may be strictly virtuous in his conduct to his own family or tribe, and regard the rest of the human race as standing altogether outside the pale of his sympathies; the artisan is equally sceptical as to his obligations to capitalists, and the shopkeeper about his duties to the whole world outside his doors. Now, whilst commerce has of late years extended with extraordinary rapidity, the development of a corresponding moral sense has by no means kept pace with it. A shopkeeper at the present day who should keep to the code of his grandfather, might in practice be a far greater rogue. Each of them would admit in terms that cheating was wrong; and each of them would in secret put in a saving clause to the effect that to sin really consisted in cheating your next-door neighbour. But then the grandfather lived in a world of next-door neighbours. He was a member of a small society changing very slowly, each of whom had not only a lively interest in his neighbour’s honesty, but had the power of constantly keeping an eye upon him. If a dairyman adulterated his milk, he got a bad character within a little circle beyond which he had no power of looking; and therefore he was pretty certain of suffering very rapidly for any offences he might commit. If fate had put it in his power to cheat a man living at the Antipodes, he would possibly have felt very little scruple about doing it; but then fate never did put it in his power. On the other hand, his grandson inheriting the same moral views has constant relations with the most distant parts of the world, and therefore constant opportunities of cheating people to whom he feels himself bound by no comprehensible tie. If he cheats his customers, he only cheats one of a crowd of people who are constantly moving, and of whom there is a very fair chance that he will never see anything again. The sufferers are persons of whom he knows nothing, who will probably not take the trouble to punish him, and whose anger cannot reach him for an indefinite period. He speedily reconciles himself to conduct of which he would see the dishonesty and impolicy if its objects were brought nearer to him. Indeed it may be said that, in some sense, the amount of commercial dishonesty is only a measure of the degree in which we can trust each other. There is so much cheating because there is so much credit. Mr. Montague Tigg very truly said to Mr. Chuzzlewit, that if you wrote your name in large letters over a door in a London street, and said that you were willing to take care of people’s money, a certain percentage of passers-by would infallibly turn in and press their confidence upon you. When that unlucky widow made her purchase of Wallsend coal, she put a certain amount of confidence in a man of whom she knew absolutely nothing except that he had the means of inserting an advertisement in the newspapers. She was foolish, as the event proved; but we are all of us every day trusting ourselves to utterly unknown people, with a confidence which is almost equally blind. A man with a tolerably good suit of clothes and a sufficient amount of impudence will find himself trusted everywhere to a marvellous extent on the apparently unreasonable hypothesis that clothes are a sufficient index to character. Experience on the whole justifies the confidence, and we make up our mind on the doctrine of averages that we shall suffer only a certain percentage of loss. The complex arrangements of modern society would not work for a day if everybody insisted on receiving legal proof of the respectability of all people with whom he has dealings. And thus we may even take some pleasure in the

increase of cheating, on the ground that it must repose on the increase of well-founded mutual trust. It follows, however, with equal certainty, that it is of vital importance not only to maintain the existing standard of morality, but to elevate it as nearly as possible to the point at which our confidence would never be misplaced; in other words, the safe development of commerce absolutely requires an improvement in the moral sense, whilst unfortunately it is too apt to produce rather the contrary effect. People are demoralized in proportion as they find that other persons trust them, instead of seeing the necessity of rising to the occasion. A merchant who has dealings in China hopes that he will have made his own profit before his goods have been found out; as the milkman calculates that he can afford to disgust several successive sets of customers before he will have exhausted the vast ocean of public credulity.

By what moral means the sense of honesty is to be increased is a tolerably wide question. But it is at any rate plain that we have one means of persuasion, of which we should take the fullest advantage. If the check derived from the personal inspection of a man's immediate neighbours tends to grow weaker than it was in simpler days, the action of legislation should grow more systematic and vigorous. A certain school of reasoners professes to be very much terrified by the dangers of excessive interference on the part of Government; but even they will generally differ from Mr. Bright in admitting that Government is rightfully employed in putting down dishonest trading. If a milkman or a coal-merchant is more independent of any given set of customers, his dislike to fines and imprisonment does not diminish. We are beginning to understand the importance of sanitary supervision, and to recognize the unpleasant fact that dishonest dealing may spread not only discomfort, but fatal diseases. A systematic attack upon the petty cheating which falls with special severity upon the poor who are unable to make an efficient protest, ought, one would think, to be a popular measure; and we can strongly recommend it to statesmen of all parties who are in need of a policy. We should only be disposed to add a hope that the net may catch the big fish as well as the small ones; and that whilst retailers of coal and milk are assailed, some thought may be given to the capitalists who on a larger scale are applying just the same principles of competition.

THE OLD AND THE NEW ERA OF SCHOOLS.

"TEN Thousand a Year" furnished a very fair title for a serial story a generation since, in the days when sensation novels were not. The words would scarcely stand as typical of an almost inexhaustible income in our own time, when the annual sum represents an ordinary week's takings in copper and small change by an Omnibus Company or an Underground Railway in London. It is not therefore a matter of any world-wide or national importance whether an amount of money which may be expressed by the same figures shall be annually expended upon the household management of Eton, or shall be left to "fructify in the pockets of the taxpayers" whose sons are educated there. It is very likely true that an addition of twelve pounds a year to the boarding-house charges for an Eton boy is not required by any financial necessity, and it makes a very good grievance, like a cabman's demand of a shilling more than his proper fare. But it may be assumed with equal probability that the pecuniary sacrifice is much of the same character as in the case of the cabman's shilling, and that a man who means to send his son to Eton as an Oppidan will do so with just as little hesitation if the new terms are enforced as he would if the old scale were maintained. The defence of the advanced rate of payment set up by one of its advocates in the *Times* is full of sound worldly wisdom, if it is rather deficient in logical coherence. "If a man thinks that Eton education is too dear, let him send his boy to another school. If he wants a good article in this world, he must pay for it." A cup of coffee in a restaurant west of Charing Cross costs twice as much as a cup of coffee which is just as "good an article" in a tavern east of Temple Bar. If you do not like the prices of the Opera Colonnade, you can sacrifice your dignity and go to Fleet Street. You must not expect fashionable charges to be lowered to your unfashionable requirements. This is a perfectly sound argument; and if the Eton dames and tutors think themselves strong enough to apply it in practice, they have a perfect right to make the experiment. That any one of their number should have come forward on behalf of the rest to brave the inevitable storm of correspondence and abuse which has actually arisen, would have been an act of admirable, but useless, heroism; and that the "private and confidential" circular should have been issued without signature is so much a matter of course that no defence of it has been offered or required. The issue of this particular dispute does not much concern the nation; but that the question should have been raised is, we think, a straw which shows the direction of a current which it is both of interest and of importance to observe.

There were formerly, as we have all heard, three learned professions. How many more may now exist we need not stay to count; but among those which are fully recognized, the work of teaching as a calling in life, and as an opening by which a man may enter upon what novelists describe as a career, has come forward of late years into a very prominent position. We do not refer to the army of certificated elementary teachers, who may sometimes provoke a good-humoured smile when they speak of themselves as "the profession"; nor to that miscellaneous crowd of both sexes

who advertise suburban "academies" and "establishments," and who consider themselves to be of "the scholastic profession"; but to that large and increasing number of men, the pick of our Universities and public schools, who twenty or thirty years ago passed usually from their degree to a curacy, and who now are "going in for masterships" instead. They are the creation of the modern public school system, and they are extending the system which has created them. For the most part they look forward to spending their lives as schoolmasters, differing in this respect from the junior college tutors of the last generation, who were all Fellows of their Societies, and either actually, or intending to be, ordained, with the prospect of a College living in due time. These men obtain, and they deserve to obtain, a scale of stipend which it is impossible for the beneficed clergy to offer to their assistant curates; and the public school and University classman who twenty years ago would have accepted a curacy with a hundred a year as a matter of course, will now find himself, if his previous character and reputation have secured for him the necessary recommendations, able to choose between several offers of assistant-masterships with stipends of about double the amount. To understand the rise and growth of a system which requires a large and increasing demand upon the resources of the upper and middle ranks of society for its maintenance and extension, we must look back upon the state of things out of which it has arisen, and which it has in great measure already superseded. It has probably passed out of the memory of the present generation that all schools were formerly under direct ecclesiastical control. The Canons of 1603 provide that "no man shall teach either in public school or private house but such as shall be allowed by the bishop or other ordinary." The parish clergyman has priority of claim to be so licensed, except in "towns where there is a public school founded already," in which case the schoolmaster is to have a monopoly "to teach grammar"; but all schoolmasters are to "teach the grammar set forth by King Henry VIII. . . . and none other." Education being thus in effect restricted to the clergy, the usual rule in the foundation schools, which has obtained down to the present time, has been that a clerical head-master for the upper school, and a second master, frequently a layman, for the lower or elementary school, have been appointed by the governing body or trustees; and the assistant-masters in the larger schools have been an after-growth, which may be described as consisting of "members not on the foundation." In every important town the head-master of the grammar school was a personage of much local consideration, but the title of "public school" given by the Canons to all these foundations became in practice restricted to a very few of the more distinguished schools in or near London, together with Eton and Winchester.

The bitter and vehement denunciation of public schools as places of education which forms the subject of Cowper's *Tirocinium* was written in 1784, when the poet was fifty-three years old. His own personal experience had been gained during four or five years ending in 1749, when he was a boy at Westminster. He was horribly bullied there, no doubt; but whether or not the public schools of the eighteenth century were the nurseries of vice and toadyism which he describes, or their masters deserving of the heavy charges which he brings against them, it is certain that his fierce invective was largely taken for truth, and brought public schools into great and lasting disfavour with what was then known as the religious world. In the dedication of *Tirocinium* to Mr. Unwin, Cowper describes his poem as "recommending private tuition in preference to an education at school"; for, with a genuine public school man's instinct, while he abuses "Royal Institutions," he cannot resist the temptation to a back-handed blow at "small academies." These private schools, which had naturally grown up in spite of the Canons, do not by any means shine in the contrast. Mr. Wilberforce's experience of one of them in 1768, where the "Scotch master" and his "red-bearded Scotch usher," who "scarcely shaved once a month," "taught everything and nothing," and where his "nauseous food as a parlour boarder" made him sick, may serve as a genuine companion picture to the well-known description of about the same date in the *Vicar of Wakefield*:—

I have been an usher at a boarding-school myself; and may I die by an anodyne necklace, but I had rather be an under-turnkey in Newgate. I was up early and late; I was browbeaten by the master, hated for my ugly face by the mistress, worried by the boys within, and never permitted to stir out to meet civility abroad.

The position of the usher or assistant-master in the clerical private schools which are remembered by men not yet past middle age was little better than this. He was frequently an under-paid and under-educated man, with no manners or refinement, looked upon as little more than an upper servant, and the butt of the boys. There were, no doubt, bright exceptions to this unsatisfactory picture. The personal memory of Dr. Corrie, an eminent private schoolmaster near Birmingham at the close of the last century, has passed away with his last surviving pupils; but his letters, preserved among their most private papers, remain to justify the affection and respect with which he was remembered by them. The private schools were themselves confessedly kept by clergymen as a means of obtaining an income, and their cost varied from the cheaper and rougher kind of establishment, where the charges were at least as high as those of the less expensive of our modern public schools, up to the style of treatment represented by "three hundred a year, and wine every day after dinner," by which mamma's darling was supposed to receive a superior education

combined with all the comforts of a home. Happily for the boys of our own generation these gentlemen and no-gentlemen are almost universally extinct, and private tuition has become the exceptional resource where, from illness or other causes, a public education is not possible. The public school has dried up the educational fountains of the rural parsonage, and the miserable usher of a few generations back is replaced by the refined and cultivated assistant-master of to-day. All over the country old grammar schools have been revived and expanded, and new schools have been founded where the old endowments were either not existing or not available; while the higher class of private schools have themselves become almost incorporated with the general system, by being made preparatory for the public schools, on the principles of which they are conducted. The boys who, as we noticed in a former article, used to fill the lower forms of a public school, now enter a preparatory school at nine or ten, passing from it usually at thirteen or fourteen. For these, as well as for the higher schools, a constant and increasing supply of assistant-masters is required, who as they grow older look forward, if they are successful in their work, to becoming in turn house-masters and head-masters in the advanced, or heads in the preparatory, institutions. They are labourers worthy of their hire; and it is idle to expect that work like theirs will be carried on unless, to put it in the plainest possible language, it is found to pay well. A school-master has a right to find in his profession the same rewards which other professions have to offer, and in the same gradations of value. The old endowments, however well administered, can only very partially supply these rewards, which must in some way or other come, like barristers' or physicians' fees, out of the pockets of those who are benefited by the work done. The details of any such arrangement may afford material for newspaper correspondence in the holidays, and will be decided according to circumstances by experience and practical good sense.

Among the maxims of unwisdom which the recent "Eton Dietary" discussion has added to the popular store, perhaps the palm should be assigned to the discovery that the most expensive school is bound to supply the highest education; with the inference that, if Eton education is found not superior to that of ordinary grammar or other public schools, its charges ought, by the operation of some moral law, to be brought down to the level of theirs. This may be a natural reaction from the tenet of a century since—"The parson knows enough who knows a duke"—and it may be said to represent the principle of competitive examination gone mad. If a higher culture is to be looked for in the Guards than in the Artillery; if Christ Church ought to leave Balliol nowhere in the class-list; if peers and country gentlemen of great estate are bound to outshine intellectually all the leaders of the Bar, all the lights of the scientific world, and all the literary men of their time, perhaps we might receive the maxim with respectful attention. As things are, we must confess, with one of Alice's friends, "Well, I never heard it before, said the Mock Turtle, but it sounds uncommon nonsense." So long as English society is what we see it, Eton is a social necessity which, if it did not already exist, would have to be invented. If there are to be large classes possessed of immense hereditary or accumulated wealth, there will be a scale of living and expenditure proportionate to the income, and boys will grow up accustomed to the condition in which they were born. They will take to school the habits which they bring from home, and there must of necessity therefore be some one or more schools where the general tone will sanction, if it does not actually require, expenses and customs which in the case of families of moderate means would represent culpable profusion and extravagance. If Eton fixed charges are high, or, being high already, if they are increased, so also were the charges of the small private schools of a former day where pupils paid from two hundred to three hundred pounds a year, and spent and did very much what they pleased. The state of society which made and makes such distinctions possible may be as objectionable as Communists and Land and Labour Leagues assert, or it may not; but it exists, and no amount of crying in the wilderness will make it in its details other than consistent with itself. The particular question, therefore, which has arisen out of the Eton Circular appears to us to be one of the slightest possible moment. But the attention which it has excited is an indication of the growing interest which attaches to everything connected with the working of our public schools; an interest which is itself the result of the steady and successful advance of the higher education in that new era of which the leader was Dr. Arnold, and of which successive school generations of his disciples have been pioneers. There was a gleam of hope even in the dark vision of Cowper, which the last lines of the *Tirocinium* reveal:—

And though I would not advertise them yet,
Nor write on each—This Building to be Let—
Unless the world were all prepared to embrace
A plan well worthy to supply their place;
Yet, backward as they are, and long have been,
To cultivate and keep the morals clean—
Forgive the crime—I wish them, I confess,
Or better managed, or encouraged less.

It is the "Exoriare aliquis" of the public school-man of the last century, and it is receiving its answer in our own.

DUAL GOVERNMENT IN THE FRENCH ARMY.

WHATEVER faults the French may have committed in commencing or continuing the late war, however inadequate their means proved to sustain the duel they had provoked, no one will deny that their errors have been equalled by the candour of the revelations since made as to the vices of the system that ruined for this generation their national reputation for arms. We in England have some records to show of a similar character. Few of us that are in middle age can have forgotten the vigorous zeal with which a Parliamentary Committee undertook to expose the causes of our Crimean blunders, and how intense was the indignation moved by the discovery that an unpractised war administration, long taught in peaceful days to keep itself and its charge in the background, had supplied unroasted coffee to soldiers who had no means of roasting it for themselves. Indeed we have but recently had an Abyssinian Committee, when peace advocates, at their wit's end for a cause of quarrel with our bloodless triumph, ransacked India and England to find evidence of waste in the fitting out of the expedition. They took little—it may be observed by the way—by their pains on that occasion. The brilliant success which restored our reputation for energy and prowess in Europe, and proved our far-reaching power in the eyes of the astonished East, was instinctively felt by the nation to be well worth the price that was paid for it. Yet the Parliamentary process was put on elaborate record, and serves as a fresh warning to those who conduct our affairs abroad of the searching investigation to which their proceedings are liable, even when carried to the happiest conclusion.

But the French have of late far surpassed us with our own weapons in this matter of research. The Parliamentary inquiry into the causes of the Communist insurrection will form the basis for all future histories of that feverish movement. And the rude method of making war which was employed by the Government of National Defence so largely as to prove to all time the hopelessness of mere patriotism or fervour for the winning of victory in these days of scientific soldiery, has been thoroughly searched into, and all its coarser and meaner features effectually brought to light, by the famous Committee on War Contracts, his speech on which made the Duke d'Audiffret-Pasquier one of the foremost men in France. It was not surprising that an Assembly which loves the late Imperial régime no better than the despotism of "the young Dictator" that succeeded it should have resolved to carry the same weapon of research and evidence against the war administration of Napoleon. Immediately, therefore, after that historic speech and its accompanying revelations, the National Assembly voted a similar Committee of Inquiry into the administration of the War Office before the war, a resolution which was shortly afterwards modified into entrusting the business to the same body which had dealt so effectually with the proceedings of the Government of Defence. Again it fell, naturally enough this time, to the Duke's share to bring up the Report which closed the inquiry; and although his speech was on this occasion delivered in comparative privacy, before only the members of the Committee and the chief officials of the War Office summoned by them, it has since been published in full, and now lies before us. We may say at once that it is as much more important than his former and more famous discourse as the vices of an established and apparently triumphant system are more serious evils than the blunders of a temporary administration. With this brief preface we proceed at once to its substance.

The instructions of the Committee comprised three principal heads. They were to inquire into the state of the war material as it existed in July 1870; to ascertain how it had been expended during the war, and how the present condition of the arsenals could best be verified; and to send to the special professional Commissions sitting on the reconstruction of the army and of its civil branches some definite recommendations as to the means which the War Office should in future employ for preventing a recurrence of the lamentable wants which the first pressure of the struggle made known. It was in the nature of the circumstances that such an inquiry should range over a wide field; but it is due to the members to state at once that there does not seem to have been from first to last any unfair design to strain their powers against particular persons, or even to blacken the administration of Napoleon beyond its deserts. So far from this, the result of their work is to prove incontestably that one of the most prominent of the faults of organization charged on that Government was in truth the heritage of centuries of mismanagement in the conduct of the French War Office, and dates at the latest from the days of the Grand Monarque.

Two prime evils, the Report states, are chargeable with what was really lamentable in the condition of the war administration of 1870. The one was that, although centralization abounded in the sense of a check being constantly maintained by each chief over his immediate subordinates, there was no real independent audit or control in the way of actual inspection of the vast property of the department. The other, and that to which the chief part of the Report is devoted, is characterized by it as very much the graver error of the two. This is the dual government of the army, arising out of the independence of the administrative departments of the military command.

It will surprise many Englishmen to hear that this latter evil, which we have lately discovered to be engrafted on our whole military administration, and which it has become an object of almost national desire to extinguish, is in this Report declared

to be the disease which paralysed the whole fighting power of France. But it will surprise Frenchmen themselves to learn that it has existed in the French army ever since the days of that much-lauded organizer, Louvois, if not before them; and that Turenne, for example, had not less cause to complain of his operations being paralysed by those who were sent nominally to assist him than MacMahon. But so it is. The Report has gone into the history of this question as it never was studied before, and affords incontestable evidence that civil Ministers of War, intruding for their own personal ends under despotic kings, were just as ready to maintain an independent authority within the armies they sent into the field, by the secondary agency of their administrative departments, as any of their successors, down to Freycinet himself, under the various Constitutions and Republics which have replaced absolutism in France without getting rid of its blunders.

So far as the origin of this dualism does not lie in the nature of men, it is traceable directly to Louvois. During the wars of aggression carried on under that Minister, he appears systematically to have used the newly-created functionaries called Intendants as his personal representatives, apparently as being more workable and subordinate creatures of his will than the victorious generals at whose sides they were placed. Now it is the younger Coligny who is found writing in bitterness after an unsuccessful dispute with his Intendant:—"I am confirmed in the idea that, if one is not the humble servant of the Minister, it is lost time to follow the service of the King. Surely I could manage the King's finances quite as well as the Marquis d'Effiat, who was formerly nothing but an ensign like myself." Then it is Vauban, engaged for two years in a struggle with the newly-made Intendant of Alsace, and only coming out of it victorious by the aid of his cousin Colbert. Next the Marshal de Créquy is found writing of the claims of his Intendant:—

He wants to have the fixing of the requisitions, to give orders for the raising of fortifications, to order the supplies of powder and of workmen, to lay on contributions without any agreement with the Marshal in command, to regulate the whole of the subsistence, to punish those who disobey the royal orders, possibly even to fix the quarters of the troops. Now that is what I call *commanding*.

Then Turenne says of the same Intendant, one Charruel, that he declines to receive him for his army. "I have a way of life," says the famous Marshal, "which prevents my understanding things properly when people do not act honestly."

The Report here, as well as the Duke's speech, speaks of necessary abridgment; but several pages of close print are devoted to the historical proof of the early date of the double government of the French army, the rest of which we must pass hastily by, with the single remark that the case is abundantly demonstrated. Nor does the administration of the Revolutionary armies of the Year III. fare better when examined: for there the contradiction was openly established by a new law of Commissaries of War theoretically supreme over the army, and independent of the military law which governed its members, and who yet, in the very next article of the same law, are held responsible that they obey every written order of the general to whom they are attached. Under such legislation the double government of Louis XIV. was continued, and Napoleon, it is observed, found this vicious dualism in full bloom. He made no theoretical protest against it, no reform in its written conditions; but under him the subjection of the two elements to his own personal authority as head of his army was so complete, and his mastery of details so perfect, that no practical difficulty ever arose. And his chiefs of corps, following the same unwritten rules on which he acted, had their own way in all important matters, the civil branch ceasing its old attempts at supremacy. As the Report puts it, under them the theory remained, but the letter of independent civil administration died, and with it the dualism complained of, which throughout the days of the First Empire had no practical existence at all. It revived, however, under the Restoration, when all sound military principles were laid aside in the reaction from the pressure of a long war, and it has borne fruit in the condition of things which proved so fatal to Frenchmen three years since.

Must we then for ever be looking to the foreigner for our model? is there no example within France herself of a better administration for her to follow? asks the Report, or rather the Duke Pasquier himself, in illustrating its recommendations. Yes; one exists with us, he answers, which is the work of ages, and which has stood the utmost strain of late, being as incontestably sound in principle as that of the War Office is hopelessly wrong. The management of French naval affairs, in his view, is based on a system which leaves hardly anything to be desired. The Minister of Marine knows nothing of this pernicious dualism in his department. On the contrary, he delegates large powers to the Maritime Prefects (or Port Admirals) who serve under him, rendering them however most strictly responsible for their proper exercise. The result is that the naval force of France has proved not only to be in a state of high efficiency, and far superior to that which it might have been called on to meet, but was able to lend a liberal hand to the commissariat of the suffering sister service in its need. And this was done without extraordinary stores of provisions being maintained in hand. On the contrary, it has been the practice of the Maritime Prefects to keep only six months' supply of perishable articles for their commands in advance, trusting to free marketing, ready-money payments, and the practice of the business for replenishing their stocks as required. Hence their contracts during the war proved to have been in many cases made at rates below those current during the preceding peace, whilst of the quality there was never a complaint.

The conclusions of the Committee on this head, if carried out, will make short work of the dual War Office system which has hitherto victimised the French soldier. They are simply these. The administration or civil service of the army *belongs to the command*; but for the actual carrying it on special branches must be maintained—in all cases, however, placed immediately under the military head. Abuse of the joint power need not be feared if a system of intelligent accountability be established, carried on under a real Control, a body which shall check but not administer, its officials being altogether independent of and kept separate from all executive functions, and directly responsible to the War Office, for which they will audit the accounts and take stock. An elaborate scheme for this new form of the Control Service—a very different sort of thing from the jumble of civil sub-departments on which Mr. Cardwell has conferred that unhappy name—is given with the Report. We do not propose to follow it here; it is enough for the present that we have indicated the functions to which the direct representatives of those charged with the care of the national purse are in future to be confined.

OPPOSITION HORRORS.

AMERICANS sometimes display an uncomfortable eagerness to show that their country is in all respects on a level with, if not in advance of, England. An Englishman conversing with an American at Ratisbon remarked that it was strange that in an out-of-the-way and old-fashioned German town he had seen upon the staircase of an inn a portrait of Faugh-a-Ballagh, winner of the St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster in 1844. The American answered that he had seen in another part of the same staircase a portrait of a celebrated trotting-horse of his own country. It will gratify Americans of this eminently patriotic character to learn that, almost simultaneously with the finding of remains of a woman, apparently murdered, in the Thames, remains of a man, apparently murdered, have been found in Oyster Bay, Long Island; and we may add that the *Daily Telegraph* on one side of the water and the *New York Herald* on the other are improving with equal assiduity these opportunities for the display of their peculiar talents. It appears that a young man named Kelsey, who dwelt in "the quiet, old-fashioned town" of Huntington on Long Island, paid "obtrusive attentions" to Miss Julia Smith, and was tarred and feathered as a punishment by the lady's friends. Some time afterwards Kelsey was, as is supposed, murdered; and remains identified as his have been discovered in Oyster Bay.

The *New York Herald* of August 31 was able to occupy the Sunday leisure of its readers with several columns of narrative and descriptive writing headed "Odd Resurrection. Only half of the tarred and feathered victim recovered." The writer took at first the view that tarring and feathering a gentleman who was troublesome to a lady was "a transient explosion of savage barbarism" which would rest like a black shadow over the fair and placid fame of Huntington for all time to come. Subsequently, however, the writer became aware that the Huntingtonians were by no means ashamed of inflicting a punishment which he admits was deserved, and he even discusses the propriety of an alternative punishment which in an English town might be thought indecent. However, "so calm and peaceful was this old-fashioned village, with its great languid willow-trees, its quiet, slumbering cottages, and its easy-going, contented, and Christianly people," that gradually the question whether Kelsey ought to have been tarred and feathered, or whether he ought not rather to have been birched, began to lose its interest. The lady who repelled Kelsey's obtrusive attentions recovered by the agency of time from "the harassing woes" of investigation, which means, we presume, that she was "interviewed" by the reporters of all the newspapers in New York. Her name, as already mentioned, was Miss Julia Smith, "a lady of much personal attraction, sensible, and self-contained." Her ancestors sleep "in the old Presbyterian cemetery," where, from an eminence overlooking the village, the tomb of all the Smiths looks down on Huntington. By birth, education, wealth, and culture she ranked first in the village estimate of aristocratic respectability. A short time since she married Mr. Royal Sammis, who, along with Dr. Banks of Huntington, was indicted for assault on Kelsey and held under bond. Soon after the tarring and feathering Kelsey disappeared, and the "primitive peace" of Huntington was disturbed by the controversies of three conflicting parties, one of which held that he had committed suicide through shame; another that he was alive and would some day turn up "under the willow-trees"; and the third that he had been murdered to prevent his revenging himself on his persecutors. However, time and the languor of the willow-trees were lulling these discussions to repose when suddenly "the whole exciting subject" comes up with tenfold more intense and painful interest than ever. The lower half of a body has been found, and it has been identified as that of Kelsey by a watch-chain in the trousers pocket. There is, however, a party in Huntington which denies the identity, and alleges that this is "a put-up job," undertaken to earn the reward offered by Kelsey's family for the discovery of his body. Considering that Huntington is a small town, and that Kelsey's family have breathed its air for six generations, the writer is not surprised that the townsmen talk of nothing else, and we are not surprised that he listens and repeats all he hears. The old story of Kelsey's "fanatical love" for Miss Julia Smith was gone over in every detail.

"People came into town from many places around to relieve themselves on this subject alone." The writer has collected from these discussions that Kelsey was a "light-bellasted" young man of twenty-eight years who wrote verses and believed himself a poet. His physique was poor, one shoulder was several inches higher than the other; his eyes were weak and uncertain, and his voice had no quality of strength or melody. He fell in love with Miss Julia Smith, wrote verses to her, and afterwards obscene letters. He prowled at night round her house, and once climbed into her bedroom, where he found a married lady who put him to flight. Mr. Royal Sammis, who was engaged to Miss Smith, told Kelsey that he would "fix" him. On the night of the 4th of November last a number of inheritors of the "fair and placid fame" of Huntington ensnared Kelsey by a mock invitation from Miss Smith, stripped him naked, covered him with tar and feathers, cut the hair off his head, and by the light of a lantern exhibited him to the ladies (Miss Smith among the number) in the backyard of the house in which she lived.

At this point the writer suspends his narrative, and becomes judicial. Had this tarring and feathering been perpetrated "out West" he would not have been surprised, but that so barbarous and brutal a punishment should obtain the sanction of people "who are heirs to two hundred years of the New World's civilization, church-going people of calm behaviour and gentle accents," passes his belief. Three days afterwards, however, he had been so far influenced by the public opinion of Huntington as to admit that the tarring and feathering would have been justifiable if done in daylight, and he mentions without disapprobation that alternative proposal of punishment to which we objected as indecent, being at the moment unaware that the punishment actually adopted involved the exhibition of Kelsey to the ladies, including Miss Smith. It is asserted by Kelsey's friends that Miss Smith encouraged his advances; but this she denies; and as she "bears the manner and well-grounded reputation of a sensible, modest, and scrupulously correct young lady," the writer thinks she ought to be believed. It is interesting to know that in America a young lady may see a troublesome lover tarred and feathered without detriment to her character for modesty and correct demeanour. The writer now changes the judicial mood for the sentimental. "It is a sad tale all through. It has drawn down a dark cloud over several households. It has made the village of Huntington, erstwhile the calmest, loveliest, and most peaceful place on Long Island, a seat of unholy discord and wretched recriminations." The murder is supposed to have been committed on the night of the tarring and feathering, which was the 4th of November, and the remains were found in Oyster Bay on the 30th of August. The tale of the discovery of the remains was told by the "simple oystermen" with a frankness that carries conviction with it. The epithet "simple" is probably a mere poetical embellishment; for the writer appears to contemplate that these same oystermen might be capable of a "put-up job." To call an oysterman on our own coast "simple" would be nearly as absurd as to apply the same epithet to a Scotch shepherd. The writer proceeds to describe the finding of "a body with nothing but the thighs left." The *Daily Telegraph* has taught us that it is our duty to study the details of our own murders; but we are not aware that the obligation extends beyond English land and water. We shall therefore pass over the oystermen's story with the remark that it is calculated to excite unpleasant reflections in the minds of consumers of oysters in New York. The inquest resembled a similar proceeding in England, except that "there came into the court-room a lady of ponderous dimensions, elegantly dressed, and evidently a person of refinement." This was a clairvoyant, who had told Kelsey's family that he had been murdered, and had predicted the finding of his remains.

The dwellers around Huntington restrained their curiosity on Sunday. As the writer puts it, "They stayed at home and read their Bibles," but they could not command their thoughts. On Monday the excitement was more violent than ever. A proposal for lynching the suspected murderers was started, and with difficulty suppressed. Next day the writer seems to have fallen under the influence of the "tar," or aristocratic party in the town, and he arrived at the conclusion that they are a meek people in Huntington, who spend half their lives in the shadow of their churches, and that Kelsey deserved tar and feathers, and in any other place would have got them, or worse, long before. He proceeds to correct his first hasty and imperfect statement. "This was not, as I was led to believe, a young man. His age was forty—a period of life when, as a rule, the amorous currents are subdued." He had become satisfied that Kelsey sent not only poetry, but indecent prose, to Miss Smith, and in some of his letters to her he answered imaginary letters received from her. Mrs. Oakley, grandmother of Miss Smith, "a noble-looking old lady, with the silver frost of seventy years whitening over her calm and colourless forehead," was advised to take legal proceedings against the supposed writer of the letters, but declined. Miss Smith, "a petite, gentle girl, timid and bashful as a fawn," was horror-stricken at the thought of going into court, and having the "hallowed privacy" of her innocent domestic life made public. It does not seem to occur to the writer that "hallowed privacy" could be any bar to the interview which of course he sought and obtained with Miss Smith. It is, to our thinking, strange that the writer should suppose two ladies whom he describes in these terms capable of placing themselves on a verandah so as to command a view of a man who had been tarred and feathered in their back-

yard. Mrs. Oakley herself explained to the writer that there was "a great misunderstanding" as to this point. It is true there were ladies in the house, and she mentioned four. She was apparently giving a tea-party on the occasion. "All she saw on going out on the back porch was the top of his head." The ladies were there for only a few minutes. "The purpose of their going out was to make the man feel the disgrace of his situation." The writer spoke to more than one gentleman of the town who happened to come into Mrs. Oakley's backyard immediately after the tar and feathers had been applied, but nobody had the least notion who actually did the deed. But upon the question who contrived it Mrs. Oakley's tea-party is a suggestive circumstance. This is how they do things under the willows of Huntington, in that quiet old-fashioned place where people read their Bibles and abstain from gossip on Sundays. The writer was permitted to see, not only Mrs. Oakley, but Mrs. Sammis, lately Miss Smith. "She was modestly and becomingly dressed, and the bashful look in her fine, lustrous brown eyes told of the domestic and religious training she had received." The writer's perception of the suitability of the discipline of tar and feathers to the case of Kelsey had evidently been assisted by the "fine, lustrous brown eyes" of Mrs. Sammis. The same influence may be found in the statement that it is now supposed (that is, by the "tar" party and the writer) that Kelsey had left Huntington for ever. When Mrs. Sammis "looked straight out of her deep liquid eyes with a fearless simplicity," the writer doubtless inclined to the opinion of those medical witnesses who declared at the inquest that a pair of legs could not float without a body. The inquest has not finished, but a day had been fixed for the funeral, which was expected to be the largest ever held in the county. Two Presbyterian clergymen had been appointed to conduct the religious ceremony. The writer had had an interview with Mr. Sammis, who, as might be expected, happened to come into Mrs. Oakley's backyard immediately after the tar and feathers had been applied. Mr. Sammis is good-looking, and bears a high character with his employers in New York. He is perhaps lucky in being married to a wife who has fine, lustrous brown eyes. The writer was evidently prepared to find a verdict that Sammis was not guilty of the tarring and feathering, and that it served Kelsey right.

The *New York Herald* of later date informs us that a funeral service, which included two sermons or orations, had been performed in the presence of a "serious and earnest crowd." The writer is anxious to state that before Kelsey was exhibited to the ladies a cloth was tied round his waist. He had conversed with a member of the "anti-tar" party, who told him that the rival faction "all belong to our church and Sunday school, and never get drunk nor taste a drop of anything stronger than green tea." If they took a little gin, perhaps they might explain how the whole thing was done. But they say that "none of 'em had nothin' to do with it. They was jest a lookin' on, and some darned cusses from the country come along and did the job." The writer remarked that men of such respectability, so meek and guileless and pure of heart, could not be supposed to meditate anything like murder. His informant answered that perhaps he never saw an Indian war dance. "It is as quiet as a Quaker meetin' in the start, but when the sport's up, and the hollerin' begins, and the tommyhawks git a flourishin', you may jest look out for some lame Ingins thereabouts." That's the way the Indians do, and we are all human nature.

A NEW WAY TO PAY SMALL DEBTS.

THE demand that the working classes should be relieved from the criminal penalties attached to conspiracies for the purpose of intimidation or coercion has just been followed up by a proposal that they should also be enabled to refuse to pay any debts they may incur without running the risk of imprisonment. Singular as it may appear, a Select Committee of the House of Commons has been persuaded to lend its countenance to the second of these propositions. The Report of this Committee is certainly a remarkable example of Parliamentary wool-gathering. As an exercise in English composition it is deplorable, and the reasoning is on a level with the writing. We will endeavour to convey some idea of this singular document. The Committee have come to the conclusion that imprisonment for small debts ought to be abolished, and the following are their principal reasons for this recommendation:—

1. "That the administration of the law relating to imprisonment for debt by County Court judges is unequal and uncertain in its results." This observation applies more or less to the administration of law in all its branches. There are no means of obtaining absolute equality and certainty even in the case of judges of the highest class; but it has not yet been proposed on this account to abolish all law. The inefficient administration of a law is an argument, not for its abolition, but for the appointment of more capable or careful administrators.

2. "That the mode of procedure on judgment summonses does not ensure sufficient evidence of the means of payment of the debtor, especially with regard to his indebtedness to other creditors, being brought before the County Court judge before entering an order of commitment." This is only a way of saying that the County Court has no machinery for seizing small estates of a few shillings or a few pounds, and dividing them among creditors, and the Committee do not venture to recommend such

an obvious absurdity. As the law at present stands, it is first come, first served. If a debtor has had a judgment against him, and if, having the means to pay the debt, he refuses or neglects to pay the same, he is liable to imprisonment. The debtor is required to pay his creditors in the order in which they sue him, until his means are exhausted; if he can prove that he has no money left, he cannot be imprisoned.

3. "That the numerous commitments to prison in default of payment of small debts entail an expense upon the taxpayers and ratepayers of the country which it is unjust and inexpedient that they should continue to bear." The refusal of a debtor to pay a debt which he has the means of paying is a criminal offence, and it is difficult to see why it should be more unjust that the community should bear the expense of punishing offenders of this class than the expense of punishing other offenders.

4. "That there is inequality in the law in relation to the remedies against debtors for large and small sums, which presses with undue severity upon the latter." It is true that there is no bankruptcy system for small debtors; but it must be remembered that the release of a bankrupt from any part of his obligations is now left to the voluntary action of his creditors, and there is nothing to prevent a small debtor from trying to arrange a composition with his creditors if they are willing to agree to it.

5. "That the frequency of the commitments to prison of the same debtors shows that imprisonment for debt is not always deterrent to the dishonest debtor, while it often inflicts unmerited punishment upon the honest debtor." These are two remarks which have no connexion with each other. The first might be appended as a marginal note to the whole body of judicial statistics. The same persons are continually imprisoned for theft; therefore the punishment is not always deterrent, and the Select Committee would, we suppose, on this ground propose that imprisonment for theft should be abolished. As to the second remark, it is a mere dogmatic assertion, and no evidence is adduced to prove it. Innocent persons will from time to time suffer under any law, but there is no reason to suppose that this "often" happens in the case of small debtors in the County Courts.

6. "That in many districts of England and Wales debts are contracted, and an undue and unnecessary amount of credit given, often without the knowledge of the principal debtor, and it is expedient such dealing and credit should be checked." This implies, we presume, that husbands should no longer be held responsible for debts contracted by their wives, and of course if this rule is to be laid down, it must be applied to all classes alike. It opens up, therefore, rather a wide question, on which the opinion of the public is, we suspect, scarcely so far advanced as that of the Committee, and which we need not argue just now. We agree with the Committee, however, that it is expedient that the dealings they mention should be checked; for that reason we think it is not desirable that the existing check should be removed. That check consists in the husband's knowledge that, if he allows his wife to contract debts beyond their means, he may find himself in prison, and in the wife's knowledge that her husband's liberty depends upon her discretion.

7. "That in giving the credit mentioned in the last resolution, the creditor to a great extent relies upon imprisonment for debt as a means whereby, in case of default, he will be entitled to recover the amount due to him." If he did not rely on this, he would of course have nothing else, in a vast number of cases, to rely upon; for small debtors usually belong to a shiftless and wandering class, without fixed homes or any property which can be seized.

In the body of the Report the Committee summarise some of the arguments in favour of keeping the law as it is. It is remarked that, "according to our present habits and customs, credit is as much a necessity for the poor as it is to the rich"—we should have been disposed to say more a necessity to the poor than to the rich; to the rich man it is only a convenience, not a necessity; "that the poorer classes cannot get on without it; it is life and death to the million"; and that, "if imprisonment were abolished, it would tend to destroy much of that credit which is now indispensable to them, or to raise its price to their disadvantage, in order to meet the increased risk." It is admitted that "sometimes debtors refuse to pay, although they have the money in their pockets, until the law is actually put in force"; that, "if imprisonment were abolished, many an obstinate or dishonest debtor would contrive to evade the due discharge of his just obligations," and that "it is the apprehension of this imprisonment quite as much as the imprisonment itself which enables the creditor to enforce his rights." It is also pointed out that it is only in the event of the debtor refusing or neglecting to pay, when he either had or still has the means of paying, that the warrant is issued; and "that when such a fact is proved, there can be no hardship in sending him to prison." The Committee make no attempt to answer these arguments, and simply omit all reference to them in summing up their conclusions. To us they certainly appear unanswerable; and this would seem to be also the opinion of the County Court judges, the great majority of whom are in favour of maintaining the present law, on the ground that credit is absolutely necessary to the working classes, and that if imprisonment were abolished credit would be denied.

It is necessary to observe that the question at issue is really whether a contumacious debtor who has the means to pay a debt, and who refuses to pay it, should be punished, or whether he should be allowed to snap his fingers in the face of his creditors with impunity. Imprisonment for inability to pay debts has been abolished; but the Committee appear to have failed to grasp the distinction

between inability and unwillingness to pay. For example, they argue in one place that "the necessary result of imprisonment is to destroy for a time the principal means which the debtor has of satisfying his obligations"; but a debtor can be imprisoned only if he is proved to have means, and he has therefore merely his own perversity or dishonesty to thank if his occupation is interrupted by imprisonment. In consequence of this confusion between debtors who cannot and debtors who will not pay, a great deal of false sympathy has been expended on the small debtors who are sent to prison. A return which has just been issued shows that in 1872 there were 900,763 plaints entered in the County Courts, and that more than half of these were for sums between 5s. and 40s. Seven thousand persons were imprisoned in this year, and here again more than half of them were imprisoned for default made in payments of from 5s. to 40s. It would be rash, however, to assume that these debtors, because their debts were small, were all poor people. It is notorious that a considerable proportion of the small debtors are simply genteel swindlers, who live in lodgings and go about from one neighbourhood to another taking advantage of shopkeepers. Nor are the members of the working classes who get into debt invariably deserving of compassion. Many of them are in receipt of good wages, which they prefer to spend in drink rather than in paying the retail dealers who supply their families with food. When a place at last becomes too hot for them, they simply move off elsewhere, and are lost in the great throng of nomadic population. It is impossible, however, to deny that hard cases occasionally occur. Tallymen prowl about the country, tempting the wives of labouring men with their packs and their offers of unlimited credit; and there is also a certain class of small shopkeepers who try to get their customers into their power by enticing them into debt at the beginning of the connexion. It is unfortunate that the working classes should fall a prey to harpies of this kind, but it does not follow that the only remedy is to relieve them from all obligation to pay their debts. It seems to us more natural and desirable that they should be encouraged not to plunge into debt. It is impossible in such a case to imagine anything more mischievous than legislation which starts with the assumption that it is perfectly hopeless to expect men to exercise a little prudence and self-restraint. The friends of the working-man, who are anxious that he should be recognized as an infallible oracle of political wisdom, invariably depict him in his private capacity as an imbecile and grovelling fool. It is proposed that the sale of liquor should be suppressed as the only means of preventing him from getting drunk, and that credit must be made practically impossible in order to keep him out of debt. For our own part we should be disposed to place more confidence in the moral capacity of the working-man, and to trust more to his power of self-reliance and self-control. It may be true that the County Court judges are not quite so careful as they should be in ascertaining that debtors have the means to settle the claims against them; but this is a defect, not in the law, but only in the administration of it, and it is a defect which would seem to be capable of amendment. On the whole, any hardships which may be inflicted in this way must be very slight compared with those which would attend the withdrawal of credit, or the severe conditions which would be attached to it if creditors had to trust to their own ingenuity to bind their debtors. There is a look of plausibility in the argument as to an inequality of the law in regard to remedies against debtors for large and small sums which disappears on closer examination. "The rich man," as Mr. Kerr puts it, "makes a clean sweep of it, and begins again, while the poor man has a miserable debt hanging around his neck all his life." The explanation is simply that large traders trust for protection rather to their own discrimination in giving credit than to the aid of the law in recovering debts, and do not think it worth while to pursue debtors very keenly, while small traders cannot afford to abandon their claims so easily. Besides, an estate of a few pounds would not bear the costs of administration. It will be observed, however, that the Committee do not suggest any means of white-washing small debtors, except releasing them from all obligation to pay their debts. They would thus be enabled to keep their money and to defy their creditors. Their goods would of course be liable to seizure, but there would probably be few cases in which any goods could be found. It seems to us that it would be more to the advantage of society that the working classes should be encouraged to discharge their debts than assisted to defraud their creditors.

GENTLEMAN EMIGRANTS.

A GENERAL order from the Horse Guards invites attention to the conditions under which officers of a certain standing may obtain land in some of our colonies. The colonies in question are Natal, British Columbia, and British Honduras; not the most attractive perhaps, as the *Times* has observed in a leader on the subject. But we should be inclined more particularly to call the attention of military gentlemen who may be contemplating a fresh start on another continent to a letter of Mr. Sproat's which appeared on the 15th instant in the same journal. Mr. Sproat is pretty well known as an enthusiastic advocate of emigration, and no man believes more entirely in the resources and the future of British Columbia. But his letter contains an emphatic and honest warning, which is not the less valuable because it is only the repetition of what is perpetually being in-

culcated by precept and experience, and which should be especially worth the laying to heart as coming from a man of his known opinions. He reminds people who are looking away from high prices and a hard existence in the old country to the chance of easier times elsewhere, that straitened means are no test of the qualifications of an emigrant, and that it is not every able-bodied gentleman who is made of the stuff for successful colonization. Mr. Sproat's letter will not have been written in vain if one of the gentlemen for whom it is intended should profit by its warnings. But in this particular matter we should be inclined to go further than he does. We should say that men of the class to whom the order from the Horse Guards is addressed are the very last who are likely to benefit by the colonial invitation; nor indeed is any gentleman in whom the habits of a crowded civilization begin to be confirmed in much better case.

According to popular ideas, the three colonies named in the circular are certainly not specially seductive. With Honduras we couple the notion of picturesque lagoons and magnificent forests, where mahogany and logwood trees and purple-wood and amboyna and all the timber that goes to inlay ornamental cabinet-work attain to dimensions as colossal as the alligators, mosquitoes, and centipedes. Natal has its triple climate and its zones of productive soil, and can grow anything, they say, from oats and turnips to sugar-canes and coffee. Still we are rather in the way of picturing it as a sandy land lying under a blazing sun, which offers considerable advantages to enterprising ostrich-farmers if they stop short of overstocking the markets. Of British Columbia we hear such contradictory accounts that we have come to regard it as the colonial puzzle of the day. Mr. Sproat, as we have said, believes in it thoroughly, and in the uncompromising Report of Major-General Moody of the Engineers we must admit that he produces a strong certificate to its character. The new Dominion seems to believe in it likewise, or it would not have made such a point of constructing the costly railway which is to link the old Ultima Thule of the Hudson Bay Territory to the rest of our North American possessions. But, on the other hand, we have fresh in our recollection the reports of unprejudiced travellers who have seen very little to admire in it, down to Mr. Grant's *Ocean to Ocean*, published the other day, in which he talks so doubtfully of its agricultural and pastoral prospects. Be all this as it may, and should the capabilities of these colonies have been as much exaggerated as their detractors say they have been, it will only strengthen the considerations we have to urge; while, should all the three be everything that Mr. Sproat avers British Columbia to be, his words of warning are the better deserving attention. There are exceptions to all rules; but we take it there can be little question that gentlemen colonists should be caught young, or should be fitted by their previous training for the new calling to which they betake themselves. Now most military men are very unlikely to fulfil the latter condition, while the order from the Horse Guards absolutely stipulates that they shall only partially fulfil the former. The officers who are to be eligible must have been of a certain length of service; not necessarily a very long one, it is true, yet still quite sufficient to go far to injure their chances. Naval men must have been sub-lieutenants; military men must have done duty for seven years, unless they have been on the Staff for five years, or in the medical service for a similar period. Further—and perhaps it is only fair in the circumstances—the older officers are tempted by the better offers. It is contemplated that veterans of twenty-five years standing may be induced to emigrate, and it is to these that the most liberal terms are tendered. They may receive as much as six hundred acres of land, if they have the money to pay for them at the reduced rate.

The gentleman emigrant, we say, should have been caught young, or he should have received some preliminary training. We should say precisely the same thing if overtures had been made to him from the most inviting colonies in Australasia or America. As a youth he may be exposed to all the snares that are set for the inexperience of "new chums." But at least he goes out full of hope and vigour; he may presume that he has a long day before him; he has little or nothing to unlearn; and if he be only content to wait and listen to good advice, the chances of succeeding should be all in his favour. As a matter of fact, we know how high even in these cases is the average of failures. It is not only the men who betake themselves to dissipated ways when they have broken away from their accustomed restraints that come to grief. Many a highly-educated youth of good previous position, and who started with fair means, is tending sheep, or driving bullock-drays, or loafing about tavern bars and billiard saloons, simply because, as Mr. Sproat says, he never had the stuff in him for a colonist. For him it is, at worst, a wasted life. He is not a husband or the father of a family. But conceive the position of an average captain of five-and-forty who ships himself with his wife and children for the back settlements of some half-reclaimed country. He was conscious of no special aptitudes for colonization, nor had he any previous acquaintance whatever with the geography, climate, or social conditions of the land he thinks of adopting. He hesitated long before he closed with the proposition made to him; and those half-dozen children of his were the arguments that finally decided him. He knew that things were very bad at home, and tending to worse, according to all appearances; but hope kept whispering the flattering tale that it was at least possible that he might better them. He embarks with none of the sanguine enthusiasm which carries one through difficulties more easily than anything else, and flavours toils and hardships with the fresh charm of novelty.

When he lands with his large family and his small means, he finds that he cannot support the charges of colonial hotels. So he has no time to pick and choose, or to stand hesitating between this lot and that, between this district and that other one which is still more highly favoured. He sees his lot traced out and coloured on paper, with its woods and meadows and water privileges, and he is content to accept the assurances of Crown agents who have never been on the spot, and to make the best of it. He sets his face up country straightway. His wife may have been in the habit of following the regimental movements, and may have been forced to put up with rude quarters in her time; but she never yet had actually travelled on a baggage-waggon. Now she makes the toilsome journey in a dray, and possibly at night may be reduced to camp in the open, where the night air sets the children coughing, even if it is not charged with the seeds of swamp fever. Wherever she was billeted before she had at least always a roof of her own over her head, even if it was only a hired and humble lodging. Now she may have to share the common living-room in the log-hut of some friendly stranger, while her husband is busy-ing himself with constructing their dwelling. His own experience as architect or carpenter has been small. The use of an axe is utterly strange to him; hired labour is scarce, rough, and very expensive. We may imagine him to be housed at last, better or worse, in the middle of this property of virgin meadow and forest—six hundred, five hundred, four hundred acres having been assigned in the inverse ratio of his physical ability to deal with them. If he intends to make his fortune by agriculture, he has to drain the meadow and clear the forest. If he means to cut dyewood for the European market, he must betake himself forthwith to a regular woodman's life; and if he means to speculate in ostrich-farming, he has to prepare his gigantic poultry coops, patent hatching-apparatus, and long lines of park palisades. Perhaps half a score of years ago, before he married, he used to be rather the fine gentleman of the regiment. No doubt he would have gone through the hardships and dangers of a campaign with spirit, for the sake of the honour and glory. He was in the way of taking a good deal of exercise round garrison billiard tables, and was indefatigable on the fields and in the covers when a friend gave him a day's shooting. But exertion for the sake of the exertion was never at all in his way. Yet now, if he means that his little place shall support him, he must be indefatigable in his exertions from morning to night. He must toil like a horse himself, and devote unremitting attention to superintending the men who are working under him at wages that are swallowing up his little capital. They are all more experienced than he, and despise him for his ignorance and awkwardness, and he must accept responsibilities for matters of which he knows nothing. Few men would be equal to supporting a strain so severe and so sustained, both physical and mental. For the retired officers who go out on these terms must almost invariably have staked their little all on the venture, and failure must mean their irremediable ruin. Even assuming that everything turns out in their favour, that the land is good and the situation salubrious, that there are easy communications with markets, abundance of water, helpful neighbours, and all the rest of it, still we can hardly conceive how any gentleman encumbered with a family can hope to pick up a decent competence on five hundred acres of unreclaimed country. But to assume that every circumstance is in his favour is to count upon an extravagant coincidence of improbabilities; the odds are that the property falls far short of its promise, and that the rough continues to predominate over the smooth. The value of the produce may be swallowed up in the cost of transport. The water springs may run short in the annual dry season. The rain may lay the whole under water. The advantages of water carriage may be counterbalanced by the epidemics that are bred in low grounds by rivers under a warm sun. We do not count the calamities which scourge a whole colony, and may befall the most experienced—as floods, and droughts, and diseases among the cattle, to say nothing of perils from savages.

We have drawn, it may be said, an extravagantly gloomy picture; yet it would not be difficult with but a slight exercise of imagination to add to the catalogue of perils and hardships that await the gentleman emigrant of mature years. A new settler's life is necessarily a hard one at first; and his future is always precarious, especially if he begins in a humble way. What we argue is that "officers and gentlemen" must enter very heavily handicapped for a race where many are always breaking down. At least they should weigh every untoward contingency carefully before they stake their small means on success in a new profession, and one that is altogether foreign to their former experiences. It is doubtful whether even modest comfort is likely to be attained on lots so limited as those which are offered, and it seems scarcely prudent to venture on a speculation where there is ruin on the one side and only a competence at best on the other.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING'S PASTORAL.

THE Pastoral of "the Archbishops and Bishops of the Province of Westminster, in Provincial Council assembled," bears throughout the unmistakable impress of the mind and style of its author. As Dr. Manning's recent letter to the titular Primate was a pean over the happy condition of Roman Catholic Ireland, the Pastoral is an exultant pean over Romanism in England. It begins with telling us that the chief reason why no Synod has met for

fourteen years is to be found in "the completeness of the decrees of the three Provincial Councils already held"; the first of which fixed the order and discipline of "the rising Church which, by the act of the Sovereign Pontiff, had come forth from its scattering and captivity," the second its temporal administration, and the third its ecclesiastical seminaries. And they did their work so thoroughly as to leave nothing to be desired. In this Utopian state of the Church, where there are no abuses or disorders, nothing to reform or correct, it may be asked why the present Synod was held; and the more so, Dr. Manning might have added, as the usual rule has been, not to hold Provincial Councils while a General Council is sitting, and the Vatican Council is in theory suspended, not dissolved. He replies that the canons prescribe triennial Synods, except when the obligation is dispensed with by the Pope, though he does not add that there are very few countries beyond the limits of the British Empire where this "obligation" is allowed by the Government to be acted upon. The Synod of Ware has met accordingly, "not to reform or correct, but to unfold and expand, our former legislation," in view of the enormous growth of the Church in England during the last fourteen years, on which the Archbishop enlarges with eloquent enthusiasm. For three centuries English Catholics were governed by a few Vicars-Apostolic, whose jurisdiction reached from sea to sea, while their missions were scattered at distances of a day's journey from one another. Now there are thirteen dioceses, and a whole organization of churches, colleges, and schools, which has almost doubled during the last fourteen years; so that the whole face of England, especially in our large cities, "begins to put on the aspect of Catholic lands," old prejudices and suspicions "are gone to the moles and to the bats," and "there is spread over the face of England a benevolence towards the Catholic Church and the faith of our ancestors such as for three hundred years has never been." In this happy period of Paradisaic perfection the Synod of Ware has sat for three weeks—as the Archbishop puts it, with a covert fling at another communion which he seldom misses an opportunity of contrasting with his own—"in the perfect unity of faith and charity, of heart and mind, of will and purpose, which is the heirloom of those alone who inherit from the Apostles." The result of its deliberations cannot indeed be made known till its decrees have been approved by the Holy See; and that may involve many months', perhaps a twelvemonth's, delay, for Rome is apt to be slow in her movements. A paragraph has gone the round of the papers to the effect that one decree is to order the secular clergy always to appear in public in cassock and tonsure, which would certainly be as conspicuous a way of flaring the red flag in John Bull's face as the most ardent convert could desire. For the present, however, it is enough for us to know, on the highest authority, that "the Catholic Church from this Synod will have gained an incalculable increase in its solid unity and in its vigour of action throughout the whole of England." Perfect as it was before, it will have become more perfect still.

But, after all, it may be presumed that the thirteen Bishops, two mitred Abbots, Chapters, Provincials, and Heads of Orders, theologians and officers of the Council, here enumerated, did not meet together for twenty-two days simply as a Mutual Admiration Society, to exchange compliments and congratulations. And accordingly, after a long and jubilant preface, the Pastoral comes to business. First, there is a warning to the faithful—which, notwithstanding their "noble and inflexible fidelity," may not be at all superfluous—against the sceptical atmosphere of this nineteenth century, when, "from the highest to the lowest class, unbelief has its literature and its apostles." And this brings the Archbishop, by an easy transition, to the first of what are in fact the two leading topics of the address. He passes lightly over the question of primary education, where he naturally takes the same line as the great body of the Anglican clergy, as an uncompromising advocate of the Denominational system. On that matter there is not likely to be any difference of opinion among his flock, and the course of action is clear enough. But the point he is really anxious to dwell upon is the "higher" or University "education required by our youth from the age of seventeen or eighteen to twenty-one or twenty-two years." The growth of "a numerous middle class," chiefly through the accession of educated converts, has made this a very pressing question for English Roman Catholics; and it would be pretty clear from the tone of the Pastoral, even if it were not well known already, that these "educated families" are by no means willing to acquiesce in the exclusion of their sons from the education of the national Universities. Some ten years ago they sent a deputation to Rome, requesting permission to avail themselves of the new opening for Catholic students at Oxford and Cambridge, and received a rather ambiguous reply. But of Dr. Manning's policy on the subject, both before and since he became Archbishop, there has never been any doubt. Twice over Dr. Newman has bought ground at Oxford, with the view of building a church there for the benefit of Roman Catholic undergraduates, and twice over he has been compelled to abandon the scheme under pressure from the authorities of his own Church. The Jesuits, whose view does not seem quite to accord with Dr. Manning's, and who are apt to get their own way, have now succeeded in doing what Dr. Newman was not permitted to carry out. Meanwhile the Archbishop reminds the faithful that five years ago he felt it his duty to warn all parents that they could not send their sons to Oxford or Cambridge without peril of losing faith or morals, or both, and he is now "compelled to repeat this admonition with still graver warning." He has also obtained a more stringent "declaration" from Rome on the sub-

ject, though it is evidently thought prudent, in view of the partial and reluctant compliance accorded to former admonitions, not to issue any positive command. A hint is thrown out that some day a Catholic University may be founded in England by "those who come after us," but the readers of the Pastoral can hardly help feeling that this is a very broken reed to lean upon. Some twenty years ago the attempt was made, under exceptionally favourable circumstances, in a country where four-fifths of the population are Catholic, and with Dr. Newman's splendid services placed at its disposal, to found such an institution for Ireland. But it proved so complete and ludicrous a failure that, except in a respectable medical school at Dublin, scarcely a trace of it remains, and he must indeed be sanguine who expects that in England, with a mere fraction of the population Roman Catholic, and without Dr. Newman's genius to rely upon, the result would be more satisfactory. As to the perils to faith and morals of which Dr. Manning speaks, it might be sufficient to appeal to his own former experience, while it is not irrelevant to observe that this very Pastoral bears unmistakable evidence on every page of that culture which he is so resolutely bent on interdicting to the youthful members of his adopted Church. He owes it to his Oxford training that, whenever he chooses to address his countrymen, he can command a hearing, though he may not win assent; and if his public utterances are compared with those of even the ablest of his suffragans, such as Bishop Ullathorne, it is impossible not to feel at once that you are descending to a totally different level, or, as Mr. Matthew Arnold would express it, passing from culture to barbarism. It is not wonderful, then, that educated Catholics, especially converts, should wince under restrictions arbitrarily imposed, which place their sons at a distinct disadvantage, socially and intellectually, with their Protestant fellow-countrymen. The Archbishop must know that very many of them share the opinion expressed the other day in the *Times* by one of the most distinguished and most unimpeachably orthodox of their number, Mr. F. A. Paley, that "no greater mistake in relation to higher Catholic education could have been made." And Mr. Paley's experience of Cambridge, ranging as it does through a period of forty years down to the present day, gives great weight to his testimony as to the question of fact. Scepticism in the present day is, of course to be met with everywhere, and cannot be suppressed by ignoring its existence; but we believe all evidence bears him out in saying that "it is not true that there is more of lax morality or of scepticism at these Universities" (Oxford and Cambridge) "than in society generally, or than, at least, there is said to be in Catholic Universities on the Continent." We have heard a Roman Catholic who had passed successively through Oxford and Louvain—the one episcopal and exclusively Catholic University of Belgium, if not of the Continent generally—maintain the superiority of Oxford in both respects.

But, in fact, Universities, which were originally a creation of mediæval Catholicism, have been looked on with deep suspicion by the Roman Church ever since the Council of Trent. It was then that the separate seminary system for the clergy was organized, which Dr. Manning is so anxious to see universally spread over England, though he appears, rather inconsistently, willing to drop the *petit séminaire* out of the scheme. The Jesuits for a time contrived to possess themselves of a large number of Universities, and at the beginning of the eighteenth century they are said to have held in their own hands the Theological and Philosophical Faculties of about eighty. But since their own exclusion from these posts they have not been slow to denounce the whole system of modern Universities, which their Roman organ, the *Civiltà Cattolica*, politely designates "not only dry, but dry and stinking bones, so great is the stench that rises from their dead and pestilential teaching." As to the present point Dr. Manning should remember that, if the little handful of Roman Catholics who now resort to Oxford and Cambridge find any special danger to their faith and morals, he has himself very much to thank for it. If they were reinforced by the general body of their co-religionists of the class from which the Universities are chiefly recruited, it would be hard if they could not hold their own.

The later part of the Pastoral is occupied with a topic on which we commented some months ago, when a rather angry correspondence about it was going on in the *Times*. Archbishop Manning insists that mixed marriages without dispensations are unlawful, though he allows them to be valid, and that dispensations can only be granted on condition of a promise that all the children shall be brought up in the Catholic faith, and that the marriage shall be solemnized in a Catholic church alone. And he argues that these two conditions have always been obligatory, under pain of sin. They certainly have not always been enforced. An arrangement by which the children were to be trained in the faith of their parent of the same sex was at one time very common in England, and is still, we believe, common in Germany. And as to the prohibition to repeat the nuptial ceremony in an Anglican church, which is condemned as "an act intrinsically sinful," no one knows better than Dr. Manning that it was first introduced a few years ago into England by himself. The change in the English law by which "the registrar took the place of the Protestant clergyman" dates, as he himself points out, from 1836, but the "sinful" custom of repeating the marriage ceremony went on, with the full acquiescence, if not the open sanction, of bishops and priests, including his own predecessor Cardinal Wiseman, till he himself became Archbishop eight years ago. We cannot say that it ever appeared to us a matter of at all the importance which some indignant Protestants have attributed to it. A disciple of Dr.

Cumming's would probably think twice before marrying a Roman Catholic, but any one sufficiently sympathetic or sufficiently indifferent to be ready to form a lifelong union with a member of that Church can hardly be credited with any very profound conscientious objection to cementing the union by an exclusively Roman Catholic ceremony; and we believe that the marriage rite of the two Churches is in fact very much the same. Still the prohibition, like that of mixed marriages altogether, is an arbitrary one, and we must add that, in pointing to the practice of his Church in creating all sorts of impediments, over and above those held to be of divine obligation, which make marriage without dispensation unlawful or invalid, the Archbishop has challenged attention to a very vulnerable peculiarity of its discipline. In this very case, as we had occasion to show the other day, the Brazilian bishops have used or abused the rule to treat Protestant marriages as intrinsically invalid, and therefore annulled in practice by the subsequent conversion of either party to the Church. Thus, again, not only is the marriage of first cousins prohibited, about which no doubt a good deal may be said, but of second or third, if not even more distant, cousins also; while yet in some countries dispensations for the marriage of uncle and niece are given as easily as asked for. It is difficult to see any object in these manifold and often whimsical impediments—all of which are dispensable "for sufficient cause," and are in practice habitually dispensed—except greed of power or of gain. In former days enormous sums were paid into the Roman Chancery for dispensations, and it appeared from a discussion in the Vatican Council that the practice is not yet extinct. But the restriction is probably retained at the present day chiefly for the hold over the laity which it secures to the ecclesiastical authorities, who can apply the screw with tyrannical force, as in this case of mixed marriages, when it so pleases them. We have heard a zealous convert express his approval of these unions "as a means of spreading the faith"; and when the Catholic partner is in earnest and the Protestant ignorant or indifferent, such a result is not unlikely to follow. Dr. Manning is evidently not desirous of encouraging such alliances, but he is resolved to secure the lion's share for his own communion when they do occur. That they are increasing, and likely to continue to increase, in this country as elsewhere, as Roman Catholics and Protestants get thrown more closely together, there can be no doubt. And, considering the evil consequences of intermarriage in all close corporations, of which the English Roman Catholic aristocracy has supplied one out of many illustrations, there is little reason to regret it. But it remains to be seen whether in this matter, or still more in the matter of University education, the "dearly beloved children in Christ" to whom the Pastoral is addressed will be willing to submit to all the restrictions which their bishops are desirous of imposing on them.

THE GAME-LAWS IN SCOTLAND.

THE dissatisfaction of Scottish farmers at the Game-laws was expressed with more force than reason before the Committee of last Session. Some of the complaints which they alleged were shown to be destitute of foundation, and they were driven at last to rely on the "food of the people" argument, which may be pushed to an inconvenient point. It cannot be too clearly stated that "the depopulation of the Highlands" is due, not to deer and grouse, but to sheep. The farmer really caused the evil which has been partially remedied by the sportsman. In that happy time before Scotland's woes began, a certain estate turned out seven or eight hundred fighting men in the Rebellion, and consequently the population could not have been under five or six thousand. When the depopulation began, in 1780, that estate fetched 700*l.* or 800*l.* a year. The people were then cleared off to make way for sheep. That estate has now a population under two thousand, and the rent has risen from 800*l.* to 10,000*l.* or 12,000*l.* "This," says a witness who states these facts, "is the result of sheep and game together." Formerly all those hills which are now held by sheep were occupied by cattle, but they brought in less rent, and sheep-farming was found to be more profitable. As sheep-farming was introduced into the country the small crofters disappeared, because they had no longer a place to graze their cattle in the summer, and all their crofts and little harvest-fields were wanted for grass for sheep in winter; "and that was the cause of what is commonly called the depopulation of the Highlands." It must be remembered that the large sheep-farmers do not in general reside in the Highlands, whereas the owner or tenant of a deer forest is not likely to be absent from it in the shooting season. The modern passion for Highland scenery and sports causes wealthy men to purchase or rent Scotch moors and forests, and the adverse witnesses strive ineffectually to deny that the country has benefited by becoming the recreation ground of a rich and liberal class. It cannot, however, be questioned that, if all the deer of the Highlands were displaced by sheep, the supply of animal food for the United Kingdom would be increased in a minute proportion; but if once you start on the utilitarian principle it is difficult to stop. One of the most earnest opponents of deer forests on the Committee was Mr. McCombie, M.P. for West Aberdeenshire. This well-known grazier and cattle-dealer pressed the "food of the people" argument to the utmost, yet he appeared before another Committee of the same Session to urge the importance of encouraging the breeding of prize oxen, which he at the same time admitted

do not pay their cost. Venison and Christmas beef are equally indefensible in the view of strict economy, but we venture to think that, if luxuries are to be tolerated, the shapely, graceful stag has a better title to exist than the gross, unwieldy bullock. We can at any rate discover the stag's beauty for ourselves, while we require Mr. McCombie to instruct us in the merit of the prize ox. In his opinion that merit is so great that private slaughter-houses, which some people think are nuisances, ought to be maintained in the West of London, in order to encourage the farmers of Aberdeenshire to overfeed their cattle. This question of abolishing private slaughter-houses was, in Mr. McCombie's view, a very serious question. It not only affected the consumers and the retail butchers, but it deeply affected the graziers and the landlords of the North of Scotland. If cattle cannot be brought alive to London, "emulation among graziers and butchers will be at an end." It seldom or never pays directly the grazier or the butcher to feed or to purchase prize animals, but both may gain by it indirectly; the grazier by his brand, the butcher by gaining *éclat* for his shop. "The grazier takes a pride in producing, and the butcher takes a pride in exhibiting, these fine animals." Persons who are deficient in sense of beauty and power of imagination, and who object to smells which they think unpleasant, have proposed that the cattle bred by Mr. McCombie and others in Aberdeenshire should be killed there and brought to London in carcase. But what is a peach without its bloom? Mr. McCombie wishes private slaughter-houses to be maintained in London in order to induce butchers to buy cattle "at prices beyond their intrinsic value as meat"; yet this same Mr. McCombie pressed on landlords and sportsmen who appeared as witnesses before the Committee on the Game-laws the argument that "the food of the people" would be increased by substituting sheep for deer. It is fairly stated in the Report of the Committee that the complaints against deer forests have for the most part come from sheep-farmers who have keenly felt the competition of sportsmen for mountain grazing. A witness whose "duty to his brother and his Maker" forbade him to maintain a Game-law was doubtless not insensible to the consideration that, if there were no game, there would be no shooting tenants and keepers to vex the farmer's soul. The Committee found that the number of sheep actually displaced by deer, taking the highest estimate, could not exceed 400,000, and only one-fourth of this number—namely, 100,000—could be brought to market each year; and as these sheep had for the most part to be wintered away from the mountains, not much more than half the weight of mutton supplied by them could really be credited to the grazing ground now devoted to deer. Thus we may safely put the sheep displaced by deer at 56,000, whereas the number of sheep in Great Britain in 1871 was upwards of 28,000,000; and supposing one-fourth of this number, or 7,000,000, to come to market yearly, the loss would not exceed $\frac{1}{100}$ part of the total quantity. It must be remembered too that venison is eaten, although not generally sold, and this calculation takes no account of imported mutton. It may be added that in England the proportion of sheep coming to market yearly would greatly exceed one-fourth.

Many curious features of character and habits of thinking are exhibited in the course of a Parliamentary inquiry into such a subject as the Game-laws. Deer is not, properly speaking, game, although it enjoys the same protection as hares and pheasants under recent legislation. It was difficult to get some of the Highland witnesses to understand the question which is so important in England as to restraining trespassers in case the Game-laws should be abolished. In many districts there is no poaching or possibility of poaching, because there is nobody near enough to the forest who is not in the landowner's employ. A farmer who zealously denounced the Game-laws was asked how he would check trespassers without them. He was asked what he would do if five strangers came to shoot upon his land, and he answered that he would take ten of his own men and put them off. He afterwards endeavoured to qualify this incautious answer, but it remains on the Committee's notes. Some farmers who complain bitterly of game admit that their objection would be mitigated if it were let to themselves along with the land, instead of being let separately to shooting tenants. Many grievances have been magnified by want of tact on one side and of temper on the other; and in at least one case which was sifted by the Committee, it appeared that the tenant had got his farm cheap because of the game, which at the same time enabled him to enjoy the luxury of perpetually grumbling. It would need strong evidence to convince us that in any considerable number of cases the Scotch farmer loses heavily by game, or could be deterred by fear of his landlord from publishing his grievance; if he had one. It did, however, appear that martyrs rather shrank from cross-examination by the Committee. The cases of alleged clearance were generally answered by the landlords in person, and it appeared that the witnesses had truly stated that old cottages had been pulled down, but they had forgotten to add that new cottages had been built, either on the same sites or close at hand. In one case where a sheep farm had been lately turned into a deer forest, the reason was that, at the present high price of sheep, it was difficult to find a tenant who would take the existing stock at a valuation. Consumers who are groaning at the high price of mutton may perhaps derive comfort from learning that cautious Scotch farmers are looking to the possibility of reduction; but we must say that we think these farmers rival in farsightedness a witness who believes that there is a limit to wealth and luxury, and that the demand for deer forests and grouse moors may be ex-

pected to abate. The rise in rent of Highland properties during the last thirty years is marvellous, and whatever may be the effect on national wealth, there is no doubt that deer pay the owner who lets his land better than sheep. In fact the Highlands of Scotland have become to a select class of wealthy Englishmen what Switzerland is to Englishmen generally, a playground. There is at this moment, indeed, a prominent difference between the two countries—that you can travel to Switzerland more safely than to Scotland.

Although the complaints brought before the Committee were shown to be exaggerated, it is undeniable that a strong and not altogether unreasonable feeling exists in Scotland against the preservation of game. The Committee notice "the excessive preservation of ground game on certain large estates in Scotland" as a legitimate source of dissatisfaction, and both in England and Scotland it is the hares and rabbits which not only do actual mischief, but cause perpetual disputes. As regards deer there is little urged against them except that they displace sheep, and as regards grouse it is clear that, if the farmer had the letting of the shooting, he would be tolerably satisfied. This appears from the evidence of Mr. T. Purves, who dislikes sportsmen in general so much that he actually complains of their occupying the inns and excluding tourists "who pay the innkeepers much better." If a tourist pays better than a sportsman, it can only be because he does not know the country so well and is more easily imposed upon. But Mr. Purves, while expressing strong opinions against game and Game-laws in general, admitted that he rented both farm and game, and let the latter to a sporting tenant. He was asked whether he would object to deer coming on his sheep farm, and he answered that as a tenant farmer he would not, but in the public interest he would. He belongs to a class whose talent for indirect answers has become proverbial, but he was persuaded to admit that the shooting on his farm would be more valuable if there was a chance of getting a stag from the neighbouring forest now and then. The truth is that deer and grouse shooting has become so valuable that, if a landowner were compelled to choose between his game rent and his farm rent, he would be apt to prefer the former. Some of the farmers say that they would be glad to see their landlords and landlords' friends, but they object to strangers who rent shootings, and still more to the gamekeepers whom these strangers employ. The strength of this feeling is shown by the absurdity of some of the complaints which they bring against shooting tenants. One farmer is shocked at an attempt to "bribe" his shepherd with a pound of tobacco, and another pretends that his sheep are so distracted by the sportsman's dogs that they cannot get fat. No doubt if the sportsman rented not from the landowner, but from the farmer, the sheep, which is an intelligent animal, would perceive the difference. It is said that this dissatisfaction of farmers at the Game-laws will strongly influence the Scotch elections, and it would appear that the farmers are not likely to obtain from the landowners what alone would content them—namely, the sacrifice of half their incomes. The excessive preservation of ground game is, no doubt, a clear abuse of the Game-laws which can easily be remedied. But we do not think that it would be safe to adopt the proposal often made to take hares and rabbits out of the game list. The Chief Constable of Dumfriesshire says that, if this were done, "all and sundry would feel themselves entitled to go and take the hares and rabbits as long as they lasted," and, beginning with hares and rabbits, they certainly will not stop there; and in his own county the number of police will require to be doubled. The Committee express the opinion that rabbits should be looked upon as vermin upon cultivated land, where they consume or destroy more food than they are worth, and they recommend that the protection given to rabbits by the Game-laws should be withdrawn, except in warrens or similar enclosed places. The opinion of the Committee is more clearly right than their recommendation. It may be feared that, as there is always a possibility of rabbits on a farm, there will be a pretext for "all and sundry" to come upon it; and perhaps a Scotch farmer who on principle objects to game, and in practice dislikes trespassers, seeing five men looking like poachers on his farm, will take ten men of his own and move them off; and then perhaps there may be work for the police.

ART AT THE VIENNA EXHIBITION.

V.

IF all, or even one-half, of the architectural projects now exhibited in Vienna were carried out, the face of Europe might be scarcely recognized by its oldest inhabitant. Still, though architects are proverbial for building castles upon paper, in the present instance they are able to show a large amount of good work either in progress or actually completed. The principal cities in Europe, as all travellers can testify, have within living memory been greatly changed for better or for worse. Happy are towns such as Nuremberg or Ravenna, which can manage to get on without restoration or enlargement. But such are the supposed exigencies of modern civilization, so considerable too is the increase of commerce and population, that there are comparatively few spots where the picturesque forms of old Germany and France, or the lovely types of mediæval Italy, are not marred by modern intrusions. How to put a new piece on an old garment is the problem which architects are perpetually striving to solve. In some places they are not able to do much harm; for example, in Berlin, Munich, Vienna, and Pesth, there has been little to spoil;

and yet in cities wherein modern builders have found wide space to work their best or their worst, as the case may be, it almost invariably happens that the points of especial interest are centred in some relic of the past not yet swept away. Hence in the Vienna Galleries the most pleasing and instructive drawings do not concern new structures, but old remains, such as the series of "Historic Monuments in France." It is, however, vain to lament over ruthless destruction or incongruous renovation which it is now too late to avert; the part of wisdom seems to be to make the best of things as they are. Such indeed appears to be the spirit in which the architects who find a place in the Vienna Exhibition have gone to work. The designs which we shall pass under review are for the most part commended by utility and fitness; decoration grows out of construction; and thus simplicity and unity take the place of that extravagance and empty show which have long been the bane of the architecture of modern Europe. It will hence be inferred that matters are improving. In fact, on the Continent we may trace changes analogous to the movements which in England have wrought a revolution. We say analogous, and not identical, for Continental Europe has been fortunately saved from the Ruskinite vagaries which disfigure especially the provincial towns of England.

Few cities have had so fine an opportunity for architectural development as Vienna. The open space formerly occupied by the ramparts and glacis now forms the circuit of the Ringstrasse, two miles long, and in parts seventy feet broad. Here already stand the Opera House, the Franz-Joseph Kaserne, the Kursaal, and the Votiv-Kirche; to these will be added within the next few years the new Rathhaus, the University, and the Museum. The new Arsenal, which lies beyond the Belvedere Gallery, also calls for emphatic mention. These several buildings, which, when completed, with all their accessory squares, terraces, and promenades, will make Vienna the most stately capital in Europe, admit in point of art of distinctive classification. First in order of time, though not foremost in architectural merit, are the buildings which in style belong more or less to the usual routine of the Italian Renaissance. And yet one characteristic of Vienna is that even the most worn-out of styles are treated with originality, and thus such buildings as the Kursaal and the Opera House compare favourably with the more servile revivals in Munich. The Viennese are distinguished by vigour and versatility, and even when they are ambitious of ostentation, they manage to introduce novel or bold features which redeem compositions from commonplace. The large hotels, however, of which the elevations, &c., are shown in the Exhibition, do not rise above that insensate pomp and show which all the world over are supposed to favour trading establishments.

We have next to speak of certain noteworthy manifestations of brick architecture, large in scale, simple, broad, and independent in treatment. A member of the House of Commons at the time of "the Battle of the Styles," declared that "we live in an age of compo," and it is the misfortune of Germany that she also has not yet passed into a more honest mode of construction. From the borders of the North Sea and of the Baltic down to the banks of the Danube—partly on account of the scarcity of good building stone—ordinary dwellings, and even the façades of public institutions, wear the dissembling disguise of plaster. In some few towns, however, especially in Hanover and in Vienna, there have sprung up of late years public and private buildings which in structure and ornament rely solely on brick. In the town of Hanover the designs are little more than tasteful adaptations from the brick architecture of Lombardy; but in Vienna, as her habit is, a more independent course has been taken. To her praise be it spoken, these edifices in baked clay are primarily utilitarian. The large stately barracks of Franz-Joseph have evidently been reared on strictly economic principles; and yet, by means of a salient sky outline, of bold cornices, and of corner stone-dressings, the art result is better than if thrice the money had been squandered. The great arsenal on the opposite side of the city, containing an armoury and decorated with frescoes, is naturally more ambitious than a caserne. With the best possible effect moulded brick is here used decoratively, and the principal tower and portal are set off with stone-work and statues. The style serves to substantiate the claim we have made for Viennese independence; the Saracenic is worked freely into the Norman; round arches enclose geometric tracery. It is interesting to observe how, as we approach the Eastern confines of Europe, architecture throws off its Western garb; thus on the banks of the Danube at Pesth is an imposing Kursaal, the arches round and boldly shadowed, the tracery geometric, the columns or pilasters fluted and relieved by figures. At Czernowitz, too, abutting on the Russian frontier, we learn through a series of drawings in the Exhibition of "the residence of a Grecian-Oriental bishop," apparently brick in structure, and showing decisive traces of the Saracenic style in the treatment of the rounded arch. We have already dwelt on the Orientalism which has found its way into the pictorial arts of Austria, and we now discover like affinities in the architecture.

But this sketch of architectural phases would be incomplete did we not call special attention to recent manifestations of Gothic within the Austrian capital. The Exhibition gives fitting prominence to "the Votive Church," the design of the Viennese architect, Ritter von Ferstel, raised by the present Emperor to commemorate his deliverance from impending death. The style is appropriately akin to that of the great parent cathedral; the two spires at the west end appear in the city panorama as the younger sisters of the lofty and symmetric spire of St. Stephen. But the composition is sufficiently

independent; the side chapels nestle among the buttresses, the large windows of the clerestory and of the transepts make the interior light and lantern-like; the whole structure has symmetry and unity, as if the birth of one bright and happy thought. The church is emphatically beautiful, and thus it lacks the ruggedness and the picturesqueness which belong to the opposite readings of Gothic. Of like balanced proportion and delicacy in well-placed ornament is the Gothic Rathhaus by Herr Schmidt. A model with ground plans in the Exhibition shows a façade in three successive planes; foremost stands a spire, the base of which serves for a porch; next follows the centre, supported on arcading two arches deep, casting strong shadow; above rise clustered windows with a turret between each group—a most effective composition. The uppermost story is an arcading of small windows. The wings on either side retire a little back, the style becomes more quiet, and the light and shade less strong. The danger no doubt is that, as in the sister art of painting, so here, in the latest phase of Gothic architecture, the compilation is so careful, the system so studiously scientific, that bold creation finds no room. These pretty manifestations of Gothic have the fascination, especially for the amateur, of the Church of St. Ouen, but antiquaries and thorough artists take more delight in the west front of the Cathedral of Rouen—a structure said to embody an epitome of the middle ages. Even in such contrast will the Votive Church and the Rathhaus stand to the venerable Cathedral of St. Stephen.

Germany is composed of so many States that she can well afford scope for many styles. Berlin has long laboured under the misfortune of having been committed to a stately classicism which precludes variety or expansion; still the dignity of which the arts were in danger of dying at length yields to modern requirements, and luxury has softened down severity. In Dresden and in Stuttgart the Renaissance has obtained special developments, and the revival before noticed of brick architecture in Hanover has extended over Northern Germany, and may be traced as far even as Copenhagen. In Munich, as we all know, various historic and mongrel styles stand side by side, the last novelty being a new Gothic Rathhaus. With the exception of the Town Hall in Vienna and this design for Munich, Gothic is in Germany almost solely reserved for ecclesiastical structures; the style, however, is said to obtain warm supporters in the Rhenish provinces of Prussia. Speaking generally, we observe in Germany an awakened desire for decoration; new materials are eagerly sought which can be turned to ornamental ends, either in the way of colour or for surface ornament. We may also note a freer treatment of prescriptive styles, an adaptation of old forms to new exigencies, not only for the sake of utility, but in order to please the eye with polychrome and to bring the manifold forms of nature into the service of architecture. Again we find these movements on the Continent analogous to, though by no means identical with, well-known developments in England.

Unfortunately England exhibits so little in Vienna that the progress she has avowedly made can scarcely be appreciated. The only exhibitors are Mr. Blashill, who displays "Warehouses, Ludgate Hill"; Mr. Seddon, who again exhibits "University of Wales, Aberystwith"; Mr. Street, R.A., who sends designs for "the New Law Courts"; and Mr. Waterhouse, who displays "the Plan and Elevation of Eaton Hall, Cheshire." Under the important group "Art applied to Religion" there are but two entries, the first being a "Stained Glass Window for a Staircase, Watteau Style." In what relation a "staircase" and the "Watteau style" stand to "religion" the Royal Commissioners do not explain. It might have been almost better not to have exhibited at all than to do such cruel injustice to the best talent of England. But the authorities of South Kensington deserve well of their country for the kind care they have taken of women and children. Not only do they display designs of fans by female students, but they reserve a special department for the "Exhibition of all the Arrangements and Contrivances for the better Nursing, Training, and Rearing of Children; their Physical and Mental Development from the First Days of their Life up to their School-time; their Nourishment, Cradles, Nurseries, &c." Evidently important problems are here presented. Given the "cradles" and the "nurseries," the next question that arises is, what style of art best suits the "Kindergarten"? The answer here suggested is, the style taught in the schools of South Kensington. Such, in brief, is the moral enforced by the "British Section," and that at the sacrifice of architecture and much besides.

Russia and other countries, by virtue of a better organization, put England to shame. The architectural developments in St. Petersburg, Moscow, Tiflis, and other Russian towns, notwithstanding a too considerable percentage of bastard Italian designs, naturally present features unfamiliar to Western Europe. The church in Helsingfors, and neighbouring buildings in this the new capital of Finland, are little better than scenic displays of that Italian Renaissance which Russia is prone to plant upon whatever spot she places her foot. But the large and recently constructed Cathedral of the Saviour at Moscow, and more especially designs for a church at Tiflis, have better claims to nationality. The last is allied to the style which perhaps may be designated Norman Saracenic—a combination to which, as we have seen, the Eastern provinces of Austria are tending. The form, as usual in Russia, is that of the Greek cross, and up in the sky is a parade of clustered domes; the colour and enrichments are almost Oriental. Russia possesses a rare opportunity of forming a national architecture based on the old Byzantine and borrowing colour from the East. The designs here produced serve still further to enforce the

law everywhere illustrated in these galleries, that the nations of Europe do most wisely when they fashion the architecture of the present on the historic examples which belong to their respective races and countries.

RACING AT DONCASTER.

IF, during a highly successful week, there was in any branch of sport a perceptible falling off from the standard of former years at Doncaster, it was in the two-year-old racing. At present singularly few first-class two-year-olds have run this year; indeed, when we have mentioned Écossais and Marsworth, we are at a loss what to add to the pair, and it is probable that we shall have to wait till the Middle Park Plate before we can form an idea of the comparative strength or weakness of this season's horses of that age. Usually the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster is one of the most important of two-year-old races, and it has almost become a proverb that a horse which has won the Champagne is sure to distinguish himself afterwards. It has of late years been carried off by such distinguished animals as The Marquis, Lord Clifden, Achievement, Sunshine, and Cremorne; while, as we all remember, Blue Gown came in first for it, despite the large amount of undeclared overweight with which he was burdened—an amount that has never been exactly ascertained. On the other hand, it has been occasionally won by second-class animals like Zambesi and Walloon, and an ordinary performer like Redan was able to make a dead heat for it with Lord Lyon. We suspect that this year it fell to a horse not above mediocrity, though the field was far larger than the average, no fewer than a dozen coming to the post. Baron Rothschild did not run Marsworth, sending Lady May, a fine daughter of North Lincoln, instead; and, in the absence of the much talked of Rob Roy, Mr. Merry was represented by Sir William Wallace. The remainder, including Aventurière, Farnsfield, and Napoleon III., have all appeared in public before, with the exception of M. Lefèvre's representative, Feu d'Amour, and Sir J. Hawley's Polyhymnia. There was an unusually long delay at the post, and the race was fruitful of disappointments; but at last a somewhat scrambling finish between Napoleon III., Feu d'Amour, and Aventurière ended in favour of the first named by a neck, Lord Ailesbury's filly being beaten for second place by half a length. Both first and third have only shown moderate form, and not longer ago than at Stockton August Meeting Napoleon III. was signally defeated by Apology, who at York the following week succumbed to Sir William Wallace, and also by De Cambis, who also at York was beaten by Mr. Merry's colt. On public running, therefore, Sir William Wallace ought to have won the Champagne, yet he was one of the first beaten, and the extraordinary change of form displayed by him and Napoleon III. in the space of one month can only be explained by the fact that moderate horses beat, and are beaten by, one another with bewildering uncertainty. Marsworth apparently would have had little difficulty in securing the Champagne, and through Feu d'Amour M. Lefèvre can tell exactly what Écossais could do with the winner. Napoleon III. is a son of King John, whose stock have at present acquired no reputation for stoutness, and despite his victory last week we doubt whether Mr. Fisher's colt will prove an exception to the rule. We cannot, however, discover that he has any other engagement of importance this season. The only other two-year-old race at Doncaster that threw any light on the Champagne was a Sweepstakes on the Thursday, won by Farnsfield. Farnsfield at one moment looked very like winning the Champagne, but died away at last in such a manner as to create the idea that the distance was too far for him, and finished fourth. Yet, two days afterwards, over a longer course, Farnsfield won simply by superior gameness from Rostrevor and George Frederick; and it is noticeable that in the rich Municipal Stakes, run on the Leger day, George Frederick, the fine-looking brother to Albert Victor, made an easy victim of Apology. On the whole, we may say that the two-year-olds that ran at Doncaster have no pretensions to rank in the first class.

The general racing of the week was fully up to the mark. A good field of twelve contested the Great Yorkshire Handicap, including our old friends Kingcraft and Falkland (strange that a Derby winner should be kept in active training for three years afterwards, and, though perfectly sound and well, be utterly unable to win any sort of race at any sort of weight!), Lilian, Freeman, Flurry, and Sister Helen. The surprise of the race was the forward position of Sister Helen, whose reputation has been made on short courses; and up to within a hundred yards from the finish she held a most commanding position. In the end, however, there was an interesting struggle between Freeman and two lightly-weighted three-year-olds, Pirate and Mestizo, resulting in the victory of the former by a length over Mr. Merry's horse. Though beaten, Freeman, who was giving much more than weight for age to the first and third in the race, acquitted himself quite well enough to increase the confidence of the supporters of his stable companions, Marie Stuart and Doncaster, for the great race of the week. Kingcraft, as usual, ran miserably, and it really can be of no use to keep him in training. We may add that all the mixed races of the first day in which two-year-olds took part were carried off by the youngsters; the Fitzwilliam, the Clumber, and the Stand Stakes, added to the Champagne, the Glasgow, and the Filly Stakes, making altogether a regular benefit for the two-year-olds. The Portland Plate was this year an additional

attraction to the Leger day, and, as usual, brought out a large field of speedy horses. Among the twenty-three were such well-known animals as Oxonian, Blenheim, Conspiracy, Highland Fling, Madge Wildfire, Wilberforce, Chesnut, Cœur de Lion, Maid of Perth, and Fisherman. A better field for a race of this description could hardly have been collected together, and, as usual, there was a long delay at the post, and a great struggle for the advantage of the start. As usual, too, Oxonian, who is well used to this sort of business, jumped off with the lead and maintained it for three parts of the distance. Then Conspiracy, Blenheim, and Grand Flaneur passed him, and he was immediately eased, having a second engagement the same afternoon, which he successfully fulfilled. A good race between the three named ended in favour of Grand Flaneur by half a length, Blenheim beating Conspiracy by a length for the second place. Oxonian could undoubtedly have been in the first three; but, as he could not win, he was not persevered with, and came out an hour later with 5 lbs. less on his back for the Corporation Stakes, which he carried off easily from Trombone, Albani, Thunderer, and Miss Stockwell. The Queen's Plate brought out Winslow, Shannon, Manille, and Cingalina; but the race was confined to the first two, Manille's chance being unfortunately put out by a serious disappointment, owing to Shannon boring him towards the rails at the very moment that Custance was bringing Winslow up between her and the rails. Thus beset on both sides, Manille was altogether jammed out of the race, and as nearly as possible knocked down into the bargain. Not only so, but, when Manille was disposed of, Shannon continued her unpleasant attentions to Winslow, and so pressed him against the rails that it was a wonder he did not fall or tumble over them. He managed to escape the danger however and won—easily at last—by half a length. It was not wonderful that Custance should lodge a complaint against Chaloner, and though the Stewards acquitted the latter of any evil intention, they advised him to be "more careful in future."

On the Thursday The Colonel continued his victorious career by winning the Scarborough Stakes from his solitary opponent John; and Mr. Merry was recompensed for his disappointment with Highland Fling in the Portland Plate by carrying off the Alexandra Plate—the more valuable prize of the two. At the same time fortune has been pretty favourable to Mr. Merry this year. It was obvious in the Portland Plate that Highland Fling not only got off badly, but was also disappointed in the running; and as she was meeting Oxonian in the Alexandra Plate on 7 lbs. better terms, she was again supported, especially as the distance—one mile—was not altogether Oxonian's favourite course. Besides this pair Drummond, Alaric, Montargis, and Duke of Cambridge—whilome favourite for the Goodwood Stakes—ran, and the field in all numbered twelve. Oxonian, as usual, made the most of the running, but Highland Fling proved too good for the old horse in the last quarter of a mile, and wore him down, winning easily at the last. Montargis made a good fight for third place, but the extravagant anticipations formed of his abilities last year are not likely to be realized. Drummond, if in form, ought to have been nearer than sixth, but M. Lefèvre was altogether out of luck throughout the week, and though he brought fifteen horses to Doncaster, he only succeeded in winning one small race. The Eglinton Stakes proved an easy affair for Thorn, who had La Jeunesse and Rostrevor at his mercy throughout; and thus the off day of the racing and the grand day of the yearling sales come to a satisfactory conclusion.

The Cup was the great event of the last day of the week, but of the crack horses only Winslow was engaged, and we should have thought he might have been reserved for this race, and have left the Queen's Plate on Wednesday alone. At any rate he looked as if he had done quite enough work for the present, and would be glad of a rest; and when called upon half a mile from home to make an effort, he seemed quite powerless to respond. Uhlán, Lilian, Thorn, and Field Marshal were the other runners for the Cup; and Mr. Savile's pair finished first and second. Winslow was palpably unfit to exhibit himself in his true colours on this occasion, and Field Marshal was of course not good enough to win. The interest of the race, therefore, lay between Thorn and Mr. Savile's pair, of whom Lilian made the running for her stable companion. She accomplished her duty very effectively, and, strange to say, when her task was done, and Uhlán had the race safely in hand, she came up again full of running, and deprived Thorn of the second place without an effort. Had her jockey made an effort to catch Uhlán—who won in a canter by six lengths—there might probably have been a repetition of the Leger finish between two stable companions. We are more than ever convinced that there is not much to choose between the pair; and after their Doncaster race few people, we think, could arrive at any other conclusion. The Prince of Wales's Plate attracted another good field of the same class as contested the Alexandra and Portland Plates. Among the twelve were Blenheim, Montargis, Sister Helen, Devotion, Maid of Perth, Alaric, and Duke of Cambridge; and the distance being much more to Sister Helen's taste than the long course for the Great Yorkshire Handicap, she was enabled to win, but by a neck only, from Montargis, Devotion finishing a head only from the second. This was one of the prettiest finishes of the week. The mile was too far for Blenheim, and Duke of Cambridge ran as badly as in the Alexandra Plate. The remaining events of the day were easily won, and may be briefly disposed of. Andred secured the Doncaster Stakes from two moderate opponents, and Marie Stuart, with 9 lbs. extra, cantered away in the Park Hill

Stakes from Wild Myrtle, Voyageuse, and Miss Buckland. The St. Leger heroine looked none the worse for her exertions on the Wednesday, and never gave her antagonists the slightest chance. Finally, The Colonel carried off the Don Stakes from Negro and Capuchin without an effort, and the losers amused themselves by running a dead heat for second place.

We must not omit to mention that the yearling sales, though not attracting so large an attendance as usual, went off on the whole in a manner that must have been satisfactory to breeders. The Yardley stud had a good average, a son of Minor and Fern fetching one thousand guineas. One of Mr. Hudson's, a son of Parmesan and Lady Trespass—two of Mr. Cookson's, sons of The Palmer and The Earl—and one of the Glasgow Stud, a son of Lord Clifden—reached the coveted four figures; while the solitary yearling sold by Sir Tatton Sykes—a son of Trumpeter and Marigold, and half brother to Doncaster—fetched eighteen hundred guineas, the highest price of the week. Another portion of Mr. Merry's stud was also offered for sale, and King of the Forest was knocked down for eighteen hundred guineas. Student, St. Mungo, and Macgregor fetched wretched prices; but when we consider the number of stallions in the country, and the glut of blood stock in the market, that is not to be wondered at. If there is anything remarkable, it is the price which blood stock still commands, especially when one glances down the list of buyers, and feels a natural curiosity as to who many of them may be, and as to what use many of them intend to make of their purchases.

REVIEWS.

SYMONDS'S STUDIES OF THE GREEK POETS.*

THE essays which are included in the volume before us contain some which have previously appeared, as the preface informs us, in the *North British* and the *Westminster Reviews*. They popularize the results of scholarship with great ability. They are neither very profound nor flimsily superficial. They hit the right level of pleasurable reading; and while they demand an educated mind for their full appreciation, they yet yield much which will inform and interest those who know merely the broader facts of ancient history and a few of the greater literary names. To the general scholar the last essay will supply a good deal of information regarding the poetry of the Decline, and the various successive collections gathered from many periods of vigour, and incorporating much of the inscriptional, votive, and other monumental poetry from Simonides down to the "Greeks of the Empire." To the more cursory student the first essay may be recommended as a vigorous sketch of the successive periods of Greek poetical literature in its relations with history, philosophy, and art. To all alike the essay on "Ancient and Modern Tragedy," Chapter IX., will be found replete with sources of interest; while the greatest amount of mastery over difficulties is to be found in that which relates to Aristophanes, and the only opinions or estimates of authors with which we broadly differ, in those on the Gnomie poets and on Euripides.

We will speak first of the points on which we differ from the essayist. Less than due importance among the early Gnomie poets is, we think, given to Tyrteus, and somewhat scanty justice done to the most intensely vivid impersonation of warlike patriotism which ancient poetry has left us in his strains. Tyrteus, if we may credit a legend to which the tenor of his extant verses is entirely true, was himself a commander addressing his troops in those lines so full of martial ardour and love of fatherland, not merely a war-loving poet rousing his fellow-citizens to the shock of battle; and he seems far more worthy of having a specimen translated than the comparatively insignificant Callinus, whose chief fragment even, from which Mr. Symonds translates a few lines, has by several respectable critics been assigned to Tyrteus. The latter is further remarkable for the fulness of the echo which he gives to the diction and sentiment of the Iliad. A large part of one of his longest and most characteristic pieces is so largely tessellated with Homeric phraseology as to recall not only the thoughts and images, but to a great extent the language, of Homer.

Neither do we think Mimnermus worthy of the disparagement implied in the following remarks:—

Nowhere in the whole range of literature can be found a more perfect specimen of unmitigated *enau* produced by political stagnation, by the absence of any religion or morality whatever, and by the practice of mere æsthetic sensuality. In Mimnermus we have the prostrate tone of the Oriental, combined with Greek delicacy of intellect and artistic expression.

Mimnermus's life is only known to us from the few touches which his works convey. But one fragment, 9 [12] Bergk, lets us know one or two facts concerning him which seem as far as possible from "political stagnation." He there assumes for himself a share in the bustling work of emigration, colonization, and war. The purport of the fragment is as follows:—

We left steep Pylus, the Neleian city,
And reached in ships the lovely Asian strand;
Sweet Colophon then felt our warlike prowess,
By fierce assault our settlement we made.
Thence hailing from the mouth of Haleis river,
By heaven's decree Æolian Smyrnè won.

* *Studies of the Greek Poets.* By John Addington Symonds. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1873.

The fragment 14 [13] Bergk shows at any rate that the poet had sympathies with deeds of the heroic stamp. The few lines of which it consists are an eulogy of some champion described as "routing the dense troops of Lydian cavaliers along the plain of Hermus," and they have a thoroughly Homeric ring; comp. Od. xi. 562; Il. v. 91, xiii. 127 foll.; Od. xxiv. 319; Il. xi. 576 and xviii. 242, where the same phrases or sentiments occur. The moral conceptions of Solon, and in a less degree of Theognis, are, we think, very insufficiently set forth, indeed it would seem inconsistently, in the passage p. 76 to 79. It is too long for quotation entire, but the principal points are that, after citing the earlier portion of Fragment 13 [14] Bergk, the essayist adds by way of comment:—

Two points are noticeable in this passage; first the 'dread of ill-gotten gain; and, secondly, the conception of implacable justice. There was nothing which the Greeks more dreaded and detested than wealth which had been procured by fraud. . . . It would seem as if the conscience of humanity were touched at a very early period by superstitious scruples of this kind. The Jewish law contains warnings similar to those of Solon, and among our own people it is commonly believed that unlawful wealth, especially money taken from the devil, or property wrested from the Church, is disastrous to its owner, and incapable of being long retained in the possession of his family.

After further illustrating from Theognis, who takes it for granted as a thing too obvious to be disputed that children suffer for their father's sin, and argues with Zeus about the abstract right and policy of this law, suggesting that its severity is enough to make men withdraw their allegiance from such unjust governors, Mr. Symonds continues:—

It is in the Gnostic poets that we first discover a tendency to reason upon such questions; the wedge of philosophical scepticism was being inserted into the old superstitious beliefs of the Greek race. And in some respects these Gnostic poets present even a more gloomy view of human destinies than the epic poets. Solon says, It is fate that bringeth good and bad to men, nor can the gifts of the immortals be refused; and in Theognis we find, "No man is either wealthy or poor, mean or noble, without the help of the gods. . . . Pray to the gods; nought happens to man of good or ill without the gods."

But this is surely just what we read in Homer:—

Ζεὺς ἀγαθὸν τε καὶ κακὸν τε δίδωσι, δύναται γὰρ ἅπαντα.—Ode ζ.

And, again, we have in the Iliad (xxiv. 527 foll.) the two *πίθοι* which stand on the threshold of Zeus, the one of good, the other of ill, which he deals out to mortals. Now, we confess that we do not see in all this anything which can fairly be called either "superstitious scruples," or "sceptical," but at any rate it is not obvious how it can be both. It seems to us rather, that the ethics of Solon and the Gnostic school are still popular rather than scientific, and that they accord sufficiently with those of the Epos to be classed generally with them; although, of course, because these poets are Gnostic, ethics in their compositions occupy a more substantive position, being introduced for their own sake, and not to illustrate character or explain incident.

These Gnomists admit—as what moralist does not?—the disproportion between men's moral characters and their earthly fortunes; but, although Theognis goes so far as to remonstrate with Zeus on this subject, he does not seem to question that so Zeus has ordered it, and so it must be. We see nothing here of "the wedge of philosophic scepticism inserted in old superstitious beliefs." Solon indeed strikes a note of more manly and independent spirit in Fragment 15, which we might render:—

Many base are rich, and worthy men are poor,
Yet worth for wealth we'll never barter;
For worth is that which fast abideth evermore,
But wealth is this man's now and that man's after.

Here the wealth (*πλοῦτος*) which measures human prosperity is treated as a fluctuating accessory of man's real estate, whereas the worth (*ἀρετή*) is his own permanent and inalienable endowment. Nor, again, do we think the statement in p. 78 can be accepted, that the Gnostic poets "seem to regard heaven as a jealous power, and superstitiously believe all changes of fortune to be produced by the operation of a God anxious to delude human expectations." And still less can we concur in the summing up in p. 79:—

Truly the people were walking in darkness; and it is marvellous that men conscious of utter ignorance, and believing themselves to be the sport of almost malignant deities, could have grown so nobly and maintained so high a moral standard as that of the Greek race.

It should be remembered that the Greek deities are "of like passions with men," nay, rather resemble men whose passions have been pampered by too much power. They thus promote their favourites, spite their enemies, are sensitive to affronts, and therefore easily offended, and cherish the grudge till it is amply paid off; leaving it often to the offender to discover what deity he has, it may be unwittingly, outraged, and so to solve the riddle of his own sufferings. Thus Odysseus in the Odyssey abides Poseidon's wrath. Ceneus in Phoenix's narrative (Il. ix. 534 foll.) offends, it may have been thoughtlessly, the goddess Artemis, and the Chorus in the Ajax think that that hero may possibly have given similar offence to the same deity. Thus the drama of human life went on, in the Greek belief, with a superhuman agency ever disturbing its plot. That the Gods often shocked the moral sense of their votaries is true, but to represent them as "anxious to delude human expectations," or as "almost malignant deities," is surely a highly overcharged statement. So long as a man's fortunes were consonant to his character and merits, there was nothing to be accounted for, and nothing therefore which need be referred to divine interference. Where those

fortunes deviated from the standard at which moral considerations would have fixed them, there was something to be accounted for, and the deviation was accordingly referred to such interference. But then this on the face of it sets moral considerations on one side, and the motives which actuate Deity on the other. To a certain extent the caprices, resentments, and other passions above referred to as attributed to deities would account for the abnormal course of plaguing a righteous man. Where the case was too glaring for these, or where the sufferer was confessedly exemplary in his personal devotions as well as just, and therefore ought to have been a favourite, his family history was searched, and doubtless there were few such histories in which those who looked far enough back would not find the *id quod dicere nolo*.

We may indeed fairly credit the Gnostic poets with broader views of life than their earlier fellows of the Epos could attain, and with the perception that, if justice is to consist in equating fortunes with moral deserts, the divine meddling in human affairs as popularly conceived did not tend to mend matters on the side of justice. On the whole, however, and in spite of the exceptional caprices, &c., of deities, a wholesome belief in a sympathy of the Olympians with right prevailed—not always, indeed, an active sympathy, or one whose activity was expeditious, but still one which in the last resort confirmed the moral sense and consoled the afflicted, even if it postponed the redress of their wrongs. Yet if after all there were cases of human suffering which were irreducible to moral law in Solon's time, we may surely say there are such still, and that without "charging God foolishly." It is the peculiar praise of Solon that, himself a practical politician, he sought to imbed politics in morals, founding both on his favourite principle of *μηδὲν ἄγαν*. And his appeals to the moral sense of his citizens find their last echo in Demosthenes, who quotes him, and with whom Athenian independence disappears.

Mr. Symonds (p. 78) gives a rendering of one particular Solonian fragment (13 [4] v. 65-70, Bergk) which we can hardly approve. The passage seems an easy one at first sight, but is not so. It is rendered by our essayist, "Danger lies everywhere, nor can a man say where he will end when he begins; for he who thinks that he will fare well comes to grief; and often when a man is at his worst, Heaven sends him good luck and he ends prosperously." The latter part only is objectionable here, of which the original in Bergk's text is

ἀλλ' ὁ μὲν εὖ ἱρδὲν πυρρόμενος οὐ προνοήσας
εἰς μεγάλην ἀτὴν καὶ χαλεπὴν ἔπεισεν,
τῷδε κακῷ ἱρδόντι θεὸς περὶ πάντα δίδωσιν
συντυχίην ἀγαθὴν, ἐκλυσιν ἄρροσύνης.

Through slurring *οὐ προνοήσας* in the first line, we think the point of the whole is missed. The difficulty lies in the question, to what degree this phrase should be pressed, and what precise shade of ethical meaning should be given to the previous *εὖ ἱρδὲν πυρρόμενος*. But, whatever view be taken on these points, we think that the latter phrase is misrepresented by "he who thinks he shall fare well." Solon, in fact, seems to think that every man should exercise *πρόνοια*, and that for want of it the best intentions miscarry. Thus the lines might be rendered, "The man who tries to act for the best, through his want of foresight falls into huge overwhelming woe, while to the mischiefdoer God gives, to crown all, a prosperous fortune—a let-off from his folly."

As regards Euripides, our chief quarrel with Mr. Symonds is that his estimate of that poet fails to recognize his immorality—we mean, of course, as measured by Greek sentiment. The *Medea*, the *Hippolytus*, and the *Bacchæ* are justly singled out by him as plays in which the poet distinctly "breaks new ground," instead of "competing with Æschylus and Sophocles on the old ground of the Tales of Thebes and Troy." In *Medea* we have the most diabolical incarnation of revenge which ever darkened a poet's imagination. The guilty can only be struck through the innocent, the defenceless, and those who have the strongest natural claims on the revenger, and therefore these are sacrificed in cold-blooded malice. And she who thus deals with them is made to carry off the sympathies of the audience. How different a lesson from that of the vengeance of Atreus on Thyestes in the Pelopid legend, which haunts the palace walls and visits posterity with a curse for its unnatural atrocity! As the *Medea* is the worship of revenge, so is the *Hippolytus* that of the morbidly sensual, combined, for the sake of contrast, with that of the hardly less morbidly ascetic. The *Bacchæ* is charged with a revolting sympathy for orgies which consecrated a shameless self-abandonment. The exquisite beauty of the poetic vehicle in these cases is undisputed, but that only renders the prostitution of genius more shocking. There is in these three plays, the typical products of Euripidean genius, an amount of complaisance with wickedness which strikes a moral level far below that of any of the earlier masters, epic or tragic. Nor is it enough to say (p. 198) that "the clear intuitive morality of Sophocles has been exchanged (in Euripides) for sophistry," unless "sophistry" includes a Satanic perversion of the ethical standpoint. No doubt Euripides chimed in with the tendencies of the age, but he gave them a determination in favour of what is revolting to the better instincts of humanity which of itself was disastrous to public morals. These considerations ought largely to qualify our estimate of Euripides. He found the tone of tragedy one of relative purity and he left it debased.

There is much to commend in the treatment of Pindar, and in the chapter which deals with that last developed flower of the Greek Muse, the Idyllic poetry of Theocritus and his compeers.

Under the former head, after pointing out the circumstances of the leading contests, Mr. Symonds says:—

The three chief commonplaces of Pindar, therefore, are *δῶρος, ἀρετή, εὐρυχία*, wealth or prosperity, manliness or spirit, and blessings independent of both, god-given, not acquired. But it could not be that a great poet should ring the changes only on these three subjects, or content himself with describing the actual contest, which probably he had not witnessed. Consequently Pindar illustrates his odes with myths or stories bearing more or less closely on the circumstance of his hero. Sometimes he celebrates the victor's ancestry, as in the famous Sixth Olympian, in which the history of the Iamidae is given; sometimes his city, as in the Seventh Olympian, where he describes the birthplace of Diogenes, the island Rhodes; sometimes he dwells upon an incident in the hero's life, as when in the Third Pythian, the illness of Hiero suggests the legend of Asclepius and Cheiron; sometimes a recent event, like the eruption of Etna, alluded to in the First Pythian, gives colour to his ode; sometimes, as in the case of the last Pythian, where the story of Medusa is narrated, the legendary matter is introduced to specialize the nature of the contest. The victory itself is hardly touched upon. The allusions to *δῶρος, ἀρετή, εὐρυχία*, though frequent and interwoven with the texture of the ode, are brief; the whole poetic fabric is so designed as to be appropriate to the occasion, and yet independent of it. Therefore Pindar's odes have not perished with the memory of the events to which they owed their composition.

All this strikes us as both true in itself and admirably put.

Mr. Symonds, we ought to add, is never so much at home as when illustrating ancient modes of thought by modern parallels. His weak point is that he rather overdoes this. There is no illustrating power in parallels which lie so remote as to be out of sight of each other. In this light we regard his comparison of the Olympian games to the "Derby Day"; which in its converse form is a penny-a-liner's commonplace, at once vulgar and hackneyed enough for that class of writers to be allowed undisputed possession of it. Less objectionable on grounds of taste, but equally unreal, is the exclamation (p. 259) "Had Mozart received a good translation of the *Birds* instead of the wretched libretto of the *Zauberflöte*, what a really magic drama, what a living image of Athenian comedy he might have produced!" Mozart, we venture to say, would have been at his wit's end to know what to do with such material. The fundamental hypothesis, the machinery, and the scenic and characteristic developments of the play, would have been neither natural nor supernatural in any sense for which he could have found a vehicle. The brilliancy of a few lyrical passages and the brisk comic business of a few manageable scenes have probably led Mr. Symonds into this romance of similitude. Worse for other reasons we think the remark (p. 172), "When he (Pindar) refuses to believe that the immortals were cannibals and eat the limbs of Pelops, he is like a rationalist avowing his disbelief in the doctrine of eternal damnation." It is easy to show that cannibalism offends even a low moral instinct, and that no other moral instinct can be alleged in its favour; whereas the view taken of the "doctrine" referred to depends on how much stress is laid on what Bishop Butler calls "simple absolute benevolence," and how much on another equally ethical quality, balancing this latter, in the conception of deity, to say nothing of analogies of human experience, which have their force even if the conception of deity be left for argument's sake out of the question.

The writer feels that with his "aim in view" (of "bringing Greek literature home to the general reader") he "may have been led into extravagances of style." And it would not be difficult to cite a good many passages in which we feel carried off our legs by the rush of promiscuous imagery; but this is readily condoned by a reader of any generosity, as a result perhaps inseparable from the enthusiasm for his subject without which the book would lose all its fascination and much of its solid value. On the whole, although the stern and chastened sobriety of the scholar's judgment will find here and there a gew-gaw or patch of tinsel at which to shake his head, yet the great number who, without becoming scholars, have had their minds coloured with the tints and warmed with the radiance of scholarship, will be able to refresh the colouring and rekindle the glow by means of these essays. And all who wish to know and to own what a great debt the modern world of thought owes to the ancient, as they find the poets the best interpreters of that ancient world, exceeding far in the hermeneutics of feeling all that we find in philosophers, historians, and orators together, so they will find in Mr. Symonds an excellent interpreter of the ancient poets in a very moderate compass.

THE PEARL OF THE ANTILLES.*

THE Pearl of the Antilles, as we perhaps ought to say for the benefit of hasty readers, means Cuba in that peculiar language in which the titles of books are generally written. We should be disposed to doubt whether it would not be better to call Cuba Cuba; but we must presume, judging from the prevailing practice, that there is a class of readers whose attention is arrested by a picturesque name, just as a dish sounds more appetizing when described in French. Mr. Gallenga's account of Cuba is, however, interesting, whatever its title. He remarks very truly that there is great difficulty in obtaining any trustworthy information as to the perplexed incidents of the Cuban rebellion. The Spanish people, with all their merits, are not inclined to adhere to prosaic reality in their reports of current history. The American Correspondents, who show commendable industry in interviewing the most inaccessible people, write with a bias which much diminishes

the value of their information. The whole affair moreover has so many complicated bearings that very few people could give valuable evidence, even if they were willing to give it freely. Mr. Gallenga has apparently done all that can be done by an intelligent tourist to form a correct opinion under the circumstances; and his evidence, as far as it goes, is of great value. We may indeed doubt whether a flying visitor, however good an observer and however well provided with introductions, can really penetrate to the bottom of the strange chaos of Cuban society. To take a single instance; Mr. Gallenga visits the plantation of Don Julian de Zulueta, a gentleman who, starting without a farthing, has made a great fortune, is the owner of several estates worth some six million dollars, has a private railway, a large mercantile establishment, and is the life and soul of every public institution, political or social, in Havannah. Such a man is certainly qualified, if any one can be so, to speak with authority upon Cuba. But when Mr. Gallenga tells us that the slaves of this exceptional master are fat, sleek, and merry, that they cluster round him joyously crying, "*El Amo! El Amo!*" as though he were a demigod, and that they work with spontaneous enthusiasm to carry out his wishes, we cannot take the facts as a conclusive proof of the well-being of the slave population in general. A visitor, and especially a visitor about to make his inquiries public, is apt to see the brightest side of things; and as Mr. Gallenga has a very low opinion of the morals and intelligence of the great mass of the native population, we cannot doubt that a genuine inspection of other estates might have revealed to him the existence of a very different state of things. His view, indeed, of the general condition of the negro population does not seem to be very decided, except in regard to one point. Emancipation, he tells us, is inevitable, whether slavery be in itself a good or a bad system; but the great, and apparently the insoluble, problem is to discover the means of effecting a safe transition from one social state to another. How great the difficulty is may, indeed, be realized from a brief recapitulation of some of the main facts which Mr. Gallenga has set before us.

The population of Cuba, according to the census of 1867, was 1,370,211, of whom 764,750 were white, while 605,461 were coloured. Of the last again 225,938 were free and 379,523 slaves. These figures suggest a very different state of things in Cuba from that which holds in the English colonies and in the Southern States of the Union. The whites, it will be seen, were in an actual majority, and something like two-fifths of the coloured population was already free. So far Cuba would seem to be in an advantageous position; emancipation would apparently affect a very much smaller proportion of the population than was the case in such countries as Jamaica or South Carolina. To all appearance it would affect chiefly the large planters, and there must already be a nucleus of free labourers, of whose condition we hear less than we could wish. The prosperity of the island would indeed be materially affected, for it apparently rests upon a most precarious basis. By one of those apparent contradictions not uncommon in accounts of slave countries, we are told on the one hand that everybody who goes to Cuba can make a fortune in a few years, and on the other, that nearly all the planters who might be supposed to profit by the demand for their produce are in an embarrassed condition. There are not more than 120 planters, we are told, out of 1,500 who could stand the slight increase of taxation which would follow upon the adoption of certain proposed reforms. The prosperity of the island, it is inferred, can only be maintained "by working the slaves to the full extent of their power." The cause of this state of things is said to be the rapacity of the Spanish officials, the ruin brought about by the war, and the inefficiency and want of skill of the proprietors. We venture to guess that this last cause deserves a little more emphasis, and that we have here one more illustration of the general inefficiency of slave labour. The indebtedness of the planters is by no means peculiar to Cuba, and the slaves of these embarrassed people have probably a worse time of it than the sleek and slug-like dependents of the admirable Don Julian de Zulueta. Emancipation would very probably produce widespread ruin, and diminish the production of sugar; but, after all, it would lead to the destruction of a thoroughly rotten social system.

The problem, however, is far more complicated, owing to a different order of causes. The white population of Cuba, instead of being united as against the slaves, is divided into two hostile camps, hating each other with a hatred compared with which the hatred of Fenians for English, or of Italians for Austrian rule, is but a mild and temperate sentiment. The cause of this intense antipathy is remarkable. The Spanish society in Cuba, as the traveller at once remarks, is almost exclusively male. Amongst the whites in Havannah there are more than three men to one woman. The Spanish emigration, in fact, consists exclusively of men, attracted by the high wages, and coming, as a rule, from the hardest populations in the old country. It has to be kept up by constant supplies, for the Spaniard, though better adapted for hot climates than the Englishman, is unable to acclimatize himself in the terribly depressing influences of Cuba. The consequence is that degeneracy and disaffection invariably set in in the second or third generation. The students who were cruelly put to death for a riot in 1871 belonged "to the most conservative and ultra-Spanish families in Havannah," and a rich relative of one of them, himself a leader of the Spanish party, vainly endeavoured to ransom his cousin for a million dollars. Between these two races, so closely allied in blood, there is an antipathy coloured by intense contempt on one side and impotent rancour on the other. The Spaniards,

* *The Pearl of the Antilles*. By A. Gallenga. London: Chapman & Hall. 1873.

though in a small minority numerically, not more than 150,000 out of a total of 700,000, are masters by their native energy, and because they include the regular army and the strong volunteer battalions. These volunteers form the real strength of the existing aristocracy. Originally formed on the expulsion of Queen Isabella, they rapidly became the masters of the country; they organized themselves according to their own pleasure, garrisoned the chief forts, banished the regular troops, and had all the authorities under their thumb, and only suffered such laws to be promulgated as seemed good to them. Practically they are under the management of the Spanish Club, a voluntary institution which is about as independent as the Paris Commune. They shelter themselves under the name of Spanish authority and profess to be loyal to the mother-country; but their allegiance is of the slightest, and only exists on condition of their being allowed a practical supremacy in the affairs of the island. The volunteers number about 60,000 men, and, in the opinion of Mr. Gallenga, would be able in case of need utterly to crush the more numerous, but feeble, degenerate, and unarmed Creoles. The number of regular troops who have been sent to Cuba since 1868 is no less than 80,000, by far the greater part of whom have, however, been destroyed by disease and the hardships incurred in hunting insurgents. Against this oligarchy of slaveholders and Spanish officials is directed all the hate of which the effeminate Creole is capable. How far the slaves are ready for revolt it is indeed impossible to say, though a good many have joined the insurgents. Mr. Gallenga mentions one touching fact. Since the proclamation which promised freedom to all negroes born after a certain date, the mothers, who formerly could hardly be persuaded to take the trouble of rearing young slaves, have been proud of the babies destined to liberty. The nurseries are crowded to a degree never before known; though, it is added, the negro who has had practical experience of the advantages of freedom is by no means so deeply penetrated with a sense of his own dignity, and neglects the black heirs to human rights as cruelly as the original slave. However this may be, the temporary change implies the existence of a strong feeling amongst the negroes, which might under slight provocation give rise to an attempt to make another Hayti out of Cuba.

With such feelings smouldering in the breasts of a large majority of the population, and met by the sternest repression of every overt manifestation, it is no wonder that the rebellion drags on, gradually increasing in ferocity on both sides. The rebels, indeed, are contemptible in a military sense. Mr. Gallenga estimates the forces which they maintain at about eight thousand men. They keep carefully in the uncultivated districts which form so large a part of the island, and confine their military operations to the devastation of some outlying plantations. The Spanish troops are unable to act during some six months of the year. In the remaining months they send out expeditions which advance by some narrow track through the dense tropical forest. Presently a shot or two is fired from an ambush with more or less effect, and, as soon as the troops come up to the assault, the rebels disperse to a remote fastness. The commander of the expedition returns with a mule or two and half-a-dozen prisoners, or, it may be, with a trifling loss, and publishes a pompous bulletin with as much truth as he cares to insert. And so this wretched warfare drags on, not without some suspicion that the troops are not too anxious for complete success, because somebody or other finds his account in keeping the war on foot. Meanwhile, if Mr. Gallenga is to be believed, hideous atrocities are perpetrated on both sides. The nearer he came to the scene of action, he says, the more reason he found to believe in the truth of these revolting stories. When the insurgents take a prisoner they tie him by his feet to a tree, and then light a slow fire under him. No quarter appears to be given on the other side; the soldiers and volunteers have acquired peculiar skill in the use of the *machete*, a kind of cutlass universal in the sugar-growing countries, with which they cut off a man's head with much ease and dexterity. Men prepared with this weapon march in the rear of every detachment, ready for practice. Still more revolting stories are told of outrages upon women; and, in short, the war, if it deserves to be called by that name, seems to be as brutalizing as it is easy to conceive. Large districts have been turned into deserts. In one province the rural population was driven together into a small farm, where the overcrowding produced an outbreak of deadly diseases; and, whilst the population was dying, the soldiers laid waste the country, burning crops, slaughtering cattle, and gutting houses, by way of "starving out the rebellion."

To complete the picture of Cuban society, something ought to be said about the Chinese, who, having been introduced in large numbers to labour on the plantations, turn out to be unfitted for their work, are extremely resentful of the treatment they receive, and have to be executed for murder at the rate of some fifty a year. The whole picture is melancholy enough, and the prospect of anarchy or servile insurrection produced by a rash attempt at emancipation is always in the background. We do not attempt to draw any distinct moral, or to criticize the measures of reform which Mr. Gallenga notices as being most approved by judicious observers. One hardly knows whether to wish for a decided explosion at once or for a protraction of this intermediate state in the faint hope of a peaceful development of the situation. The problem of the future of the beautiful islands of the West Indies is indeed a troublesome one; and we have the additional reflection in the case of Cuba that very little help is to be expected from the mother-country. The only apparent choice is

between anarchy and a specially cruel despotism; and meanwhile provision is being made for a debt of hatred which can hardly be paid off for generations.

ALFRED'S GREGORY.*

IT is not many weeks since we got a glimpse of a Semi-Saxon, most likely the last of his tribe; still, after such an apparition, it is comforting to come upon an editor who insists on calling the language of Alfred as Alfred called it himself. Most writers take upon them to correct the royal scholar, and to explain to him that, when he thought he was writing "on Englice," he was lying under the strange mistake of thinking that he was writing in a language which really did not exist till some hundreds of years after his time. The prince who with such minute accuracy described himself as "Rex Saxonum" most likely knew what he was about when he called his own speech "Englice," but Mr. Sweet is one of the few who will give him credit for such a degree of sense. The very first thing that Mr. Sweet tells us is—

I use "Old English" throughout this work to denote the unmixed, inflectional stage of the English language, commonly known by the barbarous and unmeaning title of "Anglo-Saxon."

Mr. Sweet's epithets for a moment seemed to us too strong, but the next moment's thought showed us that he was right. "Rex Anglo-Saxonum," as a contraction for "Rex Anglorum et Saxonum," is neither unmeaning nor barbarous; but it is unmeaning and barbarous to talk of the "Anglo-Saxon language," because what is meant is not a language spoken by Angles and Saxons, or a language made up of Anglian and Saxon, but simply the language of Englishmen of any kind up to—we do not exactly know when, but whenever the "Semi-Saxons" begin. We hail Mr. Sweet as a most valuable helper in our humble but hard task of persuading Englishmen that they always were Englishmen, and that, if you take 449 from 1066, there remains 617. Mr. Sweet is the furthest of all men from believing, as so many of our friends do, that all the people who lived and died in those 617 years lived at the same time. He does not enter on architectural questions; but we feel quite sure that, if he did, he would not argue that, if the Scots built of wood in the eighth century, therefore the English could not have built of stone in the eleventh. Mr. Sweet's great object is to root up some closely allied errors with regard to his own subject of language. We might be sure beforehand, without any direct evidence, that any language must change a good deal in 617 years. At the same time we fully admit that the English language was not likely to change so much in those 617 years as in the 617 years which followed them, nor likely to change so much as both the Romance and the Teutonic languages of the Continent were likely to change during the same 617 years. Still, in any case the change must have been enough to leave its mark on the language. Of course no philologist, no scholar of any kind, ever denied this; some scholars have insisted upon the fact; but the lurking notion, working in the minds even of men who would have been eager to deny any such belief in words, that all "the Saxons" lived at one time, has often kept it from being allowed its full prominence. Mr. Sweet claims to be the first man who has edited any work of Alfred from a manuscript of the time of Alfred. He tells us:—

A curious feature in the history of Old English philology is the neglect of the older documents of the language; not only are the forms that appear in our grammars and dictionaries West-Saxon, to the almost entire exclusion of the equally important Anglian and Kentish dialects—they are to an equal extent, late, as opposed to early West-Saxon. The cause must be sought in the early history of the study of Old English in this country.

The cause, according to him, is that, when men began to edit Old-English books, they found the later manuscripts much easier to read than the earlier. The result was that they "gradually came to regard the older ones as abnormal or dialectic variations from the regular language preserved in the later works." The process is much the same as the old-fashioned schoolmaster way of learning Greek, when the boy was told that there was a Greek language with certain forms, from which forms the forms used by Homer were a dialectic variation, Ionic, epic, or what not. Of the later manuscripts, from which Alfred's works have hitherto been printed, Mr. Sweet further remarks:—

Although they follow the words of Alfred with more or less accuracy, they alter the orthography to suit that of their own period, so that the characteristically Alfredian forms appear only sporadically, and are consequently regarded as scribal errors by editors. An unfortunate result of the partial retention of the original forms is, that these MSS., while giving but a garbled representation of the language of Alfred, can as little be taken as faithful guides to that of their own period.

He tells us truly that, to get at the real forms, we must compare contemporary manuscripts of Alfred's writings with contemporary manuscripts of writings of the eleventh century. Thus we shall get the genuine forms in use at the two periods, instead of a mixture of the two. There is of course this difference between the Greek and the English case, that the English of the eleventh century is a genuine language, differing from the English of the ninth century only by those natural changes which must take place in all languages, while the *κοινή διάλεκτος* of Greek is no genuine Greek dialect at all, but a mere artificial literary language, which people wrote while they talked some-

* *King Alfred's West-Saxon Version of Gregory's Pastoral Care.* Edited by Henry Sweet, Esq. London: Published for the Early English Text Society by N. Trübner & Co. 1871-1872.

thing else. Of all the works of Alfred, the only ones which exist in contemporary manuscripts are his translation of Orosius and that of the Pastoral of Gregory the Great which Mr. Sweet has now edited. He gives us the texts of two manuscripts, both contemporary, being, as he shows, two of the copies which were made at the time, one of which was to be sent to each of the Bishops in Alfred's dominions; or rather one of them is one of the still earlier copies from which the copies which were to be sent to the Bishops were to be made. Mr. Sweet however does not venture to claim either of his copies as Alfred's own autograph. He goes most minutely through the various differences in spelling and in grammatical forms to be marked between the earlier and the later specimens of the inflexional stage of our language, and also through the differences of handwriting in the earlier and later manuscripts.

This last point leads us to the fact that Mr. Sweet has yet another theory of the history of the letter Thorn in its two forms. We have been told that δ is *th* in *this*, and that θ is *th* in *thing*, and we have also been told the exact opposite. We have also been told that there is no difference between δ and θ , but that both express the same sound, just like the different forms of the Greek Sigma and Theta; and we have also been taught that this one sound is that of *th* in *thing*, the Greek θ ; and that the *th* in *this*, the modern Greek δ , the Welsh *dd*, is an intruder which has crept in unawares; some even venture to say that it has crept in from the Welsh. There is the known fact that it has crept in, and that rather lately, in some words, as *father*, *mother*, *hither*; but there it has supplanted, not the other *th*, but a *d*. Mr. Sweet now gives us his view of the matter, which is quite different from any of these. He traces out the whole history and nature of the *d* sounds from the very beginning, and he rules that the Thorn had in the oldest stage of English always the power of *th* in *this* (the modern Greek δ , the Welsh *dd*), but that afterwards it got the sound of *th* in *thing* (the Greek θ) at the beginning of words, keeping the other sound in the middle and end. Lastly came the stage in which we are now, in which we give it the θ sound at the beginning and end of words, and the δ sound in the middle. The few pronouns and other words in which we still give it the δ sound at the beginning, Mr. Sweet looks on as traces of the earlier pronunciation surviving, as older traces of this kind often do, in words of this particular class. Mr. Sweet denies that the δ and the θ are used indiscriminately, though each is used, under different circumstances, both for the δ and for the θ sound. He holds that θ as well as δ was formed from the Latin *D*, or rather perhaps θ from *D* and δ from *d*. This he makes into an argument to show that, when they were introduced, the only sound of the Thorn was δ and not θ . The oldest manuscripts use one or the other form pretty exclusively; both the manuscripts of the Pastoral use δ and not θ . Others of the same date use θ and not δ . In the later manuscripts the rule is much the same as with the different forms of Greek letters, some of which have been got rid of by modern printers; as ϵ and ϵ , ζ and θ , ω and π . θ is used at the beginning, δ in the middle and ending of words. The exceptions to this rule are much less frequent in the manuscripts themselves than they are in the books printed from them. If such a word as *brodor* happens to be divided between two lines, the Thorn in the second half of the word becomes initial to the eye, and the word is written *bro-por*. In the printed book the whole word perhaps comes in the same line and is printed *brodor*, which the ancient scribe would not have written. On the other hand, when two or three small words—pronouns, adverbs, and the like—are written together, the initial Thorns become medial to the eye, and “for þam þe” becomes “forþamðe.” This is something like the varying use in certain Greek compounds, as whether we should write *προσθήρη* or *προσθήρη*, a question which the printers decide in favour of the eye and against the etymology. From this usage, Mr. Sweet thinks, came the not uncommon practice of writing pronouns with a δ , even when they stand by themselves, not as marking any difference of sound, though it strikes us as quite possible that this usage may have helped to keep up that difference of sound between *this* and *thing* which has been handed on to our own times. The whole of this Appendix contains a great deal of matter bearing on the spelling and pronunciation of various letters in the oldest manuscripts which is of great philological importance. The *f* and *v* letters have gone through much the same history as the Thorns. Of course it is not for us to say dogmatically that Mr. Sweet is right in every detail of his theory; but it is a theory which, to say the least, is put together with great care and carries much probability with it, and it certainly deserves the best attention of Teutonic scholars and of philologists in general.

The title-page promises us the Latin text and an English translation, but in the preface we are told that “the publication of the Latin text must be postponed for an indefinite period.” Mr. Sweet also tells us that “the English translation is added more from deference to the usage of the Early English Text Society than from any conviction of its utility.” We presume that the phrase “English translation,” so contrary to the doctrine which Mr. Sweet sets forth, is also used in deference to something or other. Mr. Sweet adds:—

In fact, I look upon a translation to a text like this, which is of exclusively philological interest, as so much waste paper, utterly useless except to the merest tyro—unless even to him, if he wishes to acquire a sound knowledge of Old English, a language, which, like all others, ought either to be studied properly with grammar and dictionary, or else let alone. I have also endeavoured to translate into the received language of the present day, and have carefully avoided that heterogeneous mixture of Chaucer, Dickens and Broad Scotch, which is affected by so many translators from the Northern languages.

Here we do not quite go along with Mr. Sweet. It is often very useful, in reading a book in an old form of any language, to have beside it a version in the modern form of the same language. We say this just as much of Old-German as of Old-English. A modern French or modern German translation of an Old-French or Old-German book serves a purpose which a Latin or English translation does not serve. And Mr. Sweet is perhaps a trifle too contemptuous towards many who are not such finished scholars as himself, but who have occasion to make use of Old-English, Old-French, or Old-German writings, and who wish not to be wholly dependent either on translations or on second-hand authorities. To such persons a translation into the modern form of the language is often a real help without being at all what Mr. Sweet evidently fears lest it should be made a substitute. We do not know what Mr. Sweet means by the “heterogeneous mixture of Chaucer, Dickens, and Broad Scotch.” Our notion of a translation for the purpose of which we speak is one which should depart as little as possible from the original, which should in fact be rather a modernization than what is commonly understood by a translation. Mr. Sweet’s “received English” goes too far away from the original for our purpose, and we therefore share his doubt as to its utility.

MIRANDA.*

MR. MORTIMER COLLINS might just as well have called his latest story *Sobieska*, or *Edith*, or *Margaret*, or *Ella*, or *Seroza*, or *Myfanwy*, as *Miranda*; for each of these young ladies can lay good claim to the part of heroine, and each has a most heroic lover provided for her. *Margaret* or *Myfanwy* moreover would have equally well afforded that elegant alliteration in which the author of the *Marquis and the Merchant* so much delights. We would suggest that, if ever this book should reach a second edition, it should be brought out under the title of “*Margaret, Myfanwy, and Miranda: a Midsummer Madness*, by Mr. Mortimer Collins, author of the *Marquis and the Merchant*.” Mr. Collins, while he by the title admits that his book is not altogether sane, yet takes as his motto, “*Though this be madness, yet there’s method in ’t*.” We are not disposed to allow that there is either madness or method. There is a very dull parody of the former, and an entire absence of the latter. He has strung together a number of the most extravagantly absurd incidents, and as for method—save that he has as usual filled out three volumes containing about the same number of chapters and the same number of pages—he has shown none. Could we conceive that his book is meant as a parody of Mr. Henry Kingsley’s style of writing, there might have been some degree of humour in it, had it been only one-twentieth or so of its present size. But a parody in three volumes is out of the question. Still we have no doubt that Mr. Collins, likely enough quite unconsciously, has been fired with a generous spirit of rivalry as he read the wild extravagances of Mr. Kingsley, and has thought that against his muscular Christian he would try to match a muscular Heathen. We had thought that *Oakshott Castle*, which we lately noticed, was of all the novels which we had ever seen the silliest. Let Mr. Henry Kingsley take comfort. So long as Mr. Mortimer Collins writes there will be one novelist to surpass him. We are glad to find that Mr. Collins complains that “the public don’t like my novels.” It may be the case that by the time the public has read its *Daily Telegraph* and Mr. Henry Kingsley its appetite is satiated. It may be the case that Mr. Collins fails through not giving that occasional religious tone which goes so far to cover the faults of the sensational novelist and the sensational newspaper. Be this as it may, we will venture to hope that, if “the public don’t like” reading Mr. Collins’s novels, he will soon leave off writing them. The age may have all the faults that Mr. Collins attributes to it. It has truly one merit, in that it is somewhat saner than some among its writers. There is only one thing more wearisome than reading such a story as *Miranda*, and that is writing about it. How is it possible to criticize or to analyse a story which combines all the absurdities of some old nurse’s tale with a pretence of scientific knowledge and the English that has the largest circulation in the world? We have silly superstitions disguised under the fine names of spiritual or mysterious magnetism, magnetic attraction, the clairvoyant faculty, presentiments and intuitions, and the rest. If we are to have this kind of story-telling once more, let us go back to our nurseries and have it told in the simple English that did not misbecome it. And it is not only the vast number of extravagant incidents, but also the almost equally vast number of extravagant heroes and heroines, that renders it nearly impossible to give our readers any notion—we do not say intelligible notion—of the story. We ourselves, though we have just laid the third volume down, have scarcely any clearer understanding of what we have read than we have had of the plot of a pantomime when the curtain has at length fallen. Mr. Collins is a scholar—at all events he quotes Greek and Latin very often, and uses long and strange words apparently of classical origin. We wish that in writing his story he would have remembered Horace’s trite line:—

Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo.

The first young lady, who is introduced with all the pomp and circumstance and spiritual magnetism to boot that suit a heroine, is found to be only the grandmother of *Miranda*. She is as ruth-

* *Miranda: a Midsummer Madness*. By Mortimer Collins. 3 vols. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1873.

lessly swept away as ever were the characters in the first act of some youthful poet's first tragedy. She had not, however, lived in vain; for it was from her "spiritual magnetism—whether it is a matter of imagination, or of will, or physical change"—that came a considerable portion, though not all, of the presentiments and intuitions and magnetic influences that characterize the story. Her husband, Dr. Tachbrook, survives to the end of the story, and in the last chapter, going into Parliament, "a noble old man with white hair and beard calmly took his seat below the gangway on the Opposition side," and greatly interfered with Mr. Gladstone's calmness by at once carrying a motion against him by a majority of three. But we are anticipating matters, and trying to jump over that dreary waste which lies between the second chapter of the first volume and the end of the book. For the present our readers may be satisfied with knowing that Dr. Tachbrook "was a man with a considerable taste for mystery, though he possessed a keen, clear brain which allowed it to be obfuscated by no hallucinatory cobwebs." He had first made his future wife's acquaintance when she was in a "cataleptic trance." On her return to consciousness, after five days passed in the trance, he administered to her "a tumbler of champagne with a dessert-spoonful of brandy in it," and detected in her eye "a scintilla of violet light." Happily before long this "violet scintilla grew to be a definite flame of light," and she was soon as well as ever. It was no doubt from her eyes that her granddaughter Miranda derived "those lambent electric eyes, colour of onyx," which worked such mischief on the heart of her cousin, Sir Harold Tachbrook, Baronet. When the doctor saw the violet scintilla he ordered for the patient with great promptitude "a red mullet and a glass of sherry, with a chop and a glass of stout to follow as quickly as possible." Whether the red mullet had some mysterious connexion with the violet scintilla, and how, if it had, it was at once provided in a country house, we are not told. With natural magnetism, however, much may be done. The lady of the violet scintilla is soon killed off, leaving a son Harold, not of course Sir Harold. He is soon brought to man's estate, and is told by his dead mother in a dream "to marry Edith Ockit, and to go to Australia within a year." His father at once gives his consent to both courses, saying, "I should once have said that such dreams were mere reflections of what you thought during the day. But I have seen so many curious experiments that I cannot reach a conclusion." So hero and heroine number two set off for Melbourne round the Cape of Good Hope. They get driven out of their course, and are becalmed off Borneo. Why Borneo we are not told. Perhaps Mr. Collins thinks it necessary to get becalmed off somewhere, and Borneo may be the nearest place to Melbourne of which he happens to have heard. However, be that as it may, the third heroine, Miranda, is born, and her mother, the second heroine, Edith, dies off Borneo. On her death-bed she entreasts her husband on his return to England to seek out her old schoolfellow, one Mary Fane, who, from the full description of her, promises to be another heroine. Years later he obeys his wife's request, and finds that, though Mary is dead, she has left a daughter for him to marry. By this time the reader has become so weary of this long line of heroines that he cries out:—

Why do you show me this? A fourth! Start, eyes!
What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet! A seventh! I'll see no more.

The spirit of Harold's mother had, with much consideration, smoothed matters for him, left as he was with an infant daughter; for she "had in a vision of the night mapped Melbourne before his eyes, and had pointed to a place in that map as if ordering him to go thither." He obeyed her, and found a good woman who for the next eighteen years or so brought up Miranda. Chance led him one day to the docks, where he saw a boy of about fourteen jump ashore. The boy had run away from home, and, like all runaway boys, had a roll of bank-notes in his pocket. He marries Miranda when they are old enough, and, as is only natural, turns out to be Sir Harold Tachbrook. The two Harolds live together for a good many years, and the elder of the two not only makes a great deal of money by sheep-farming, but also buys a piece of land for 50*l.* and sells it for 30,000*l.* They return to Europe in a great steamship, and in a chapter entitled "Torricelli's Tube"—barometer, though a word of undoubted Greek origin, has doubtless become too common for Mr. Collins—see a good many remarkable occurrences. The captain consults his Torricelli's tube, and, though the weather was calm, "started suddenly back. It had fallen since morning from 30·7 inches to 29·3." He had all sail taken in at once. The precaution was happily in time, so far as the sails were concerned, as the storm did not break till nearly thirty hours afterwards. Meanwhile, by way of prudent precaution, he had communicated his fears to some of the passengers. At the same time a talismanic "crystal icosaedron," by turning first jet black and then white, had scared the ladies. At last the storm burst; "the wind yelled at the sea, and the sea howled like a scourged slave," but in a few moments "the passionate wind soon forgets its rage, and gives zephyr kisses to the sea." Meanwhile the ship had been driven on to an island "between two lofty ridges of basaltic rock." The Tachbrooks land and find a "Trogodyte," who at once introduces himself as Gilbert Tachbrook, the heir to the baronetcy. He soon acknowledges the younger Harold's superior claims, and proposes that they should all return together to England. A second great gale meanwhile had arisen, and the steamship had disappeared. It had happily a captain who was "an experienced navigator," and moreover it had been built of "teak and iron," so that, though it had been "driven fiercely

into a via (*sic*) by the wind-driven hammer of the wave," it had quietly floated off, and "accomplished the voyage to Liverpool without difficulty." The Tachbrooks are left on the island for months, till at last a passing steamer notices the signal they make, and puts in towards the land. They are not allowed to escape, however, so easily, for a squall upsets their boat. All are got in safety on to the steamer except the younger Harold. But as he is the claimant to a baronetcy, and is engaged to one of the seven heroines, he has no need to fear drowning. He had, to be sure, been caught in the paddle-wheel, but he had got clear of it, and had swum about till he was nearly sinking, and "was striking out fiercely in despair" when he is picked up by another ship. In it he finds another hero, Viscount Tixover, who has, on his return to Europe, to be provided in his turn with a heroine. This nobleman has quite as much magnetism about him as the descendant of the late lamented Sobieska. If only he were a little more orthodox, he would be a character of whom Mr. Henry Kingsley might be jealous. He had all the qualities of a muscular Christian, except perchance the Christianity. He could swim magnificently, eat enormously, "punch" any one's head, play at billiards with the best, and perform all those other great exploits which we have been taught to revere. With him begin a fresh set of adventures still more absurd and improbable than those which had gone before. Every chapter sees a new character dragged in, who however differs from his predecessors about as much as the last soldier in a stage army differs from the first. We have O. O., a great traveller, in whom the author delights, and who boasts of having "flogged a whole tribe of niggers from the chief downwards—men, women, and children."

We have scarcely any patience left for the heroines whom we have not as yet described. There is Myfanwy Cwm, who was the orphan and neglected daughter of Caradoc Cwm, "a bard and also a gentleman," who is raised from a waiting-maid into a heroine and the future bride of General Thurston's son. There is Margaret, who had been cruelly treated in her youth, but who marries Gilbert Tachbrook; and there is Seroza, who is found dumb on the Trogodyte's wonderful island, where she had escaped murder by shooting her would-be murderer, her stepfather, with his own pistol, and who turns out to be the long-sought-for daughter of Mary Fane. And for all that we can remember there may be half-a-dozen heroines besides. There is some attempt to relieve all these exciting adventures by a little light talk. But we will not inflict a specimen of this on our readers. By this time they will have had enough of Mr. Mortimer Collins's "Midsummer Madness," whether there is method in it or not.

POLITICS FOR POOR PILGRIMS.*

THE *Einsiedler Kalender* is always the first to appear of those numerous pictorial almanacs in quarto size which one sees in every bookseller's window in Switzerland and Southern Germany in late autumn and early winter. It is usually ready by the end of August, in time to be bought by the immense crowds of pilgrims who flock to Maria-Einsiedeln for the festival of the miraculous *Engelweih*. Many of these obtain it on their route; others take it home with them to study in their different countries. Einsiedeln has not only been for years one of the three most thronged resorts of pilgrims in Roman Catholic Christendom, but it will probably remain, in spite of all the recent attractions elsewhere, the favourite goal of the mass of German-speaking pilgrims. Switzerland, Elsass, and Lothringen, the Black Forest, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and Austria, pour in their thousands annually; they arrive by dribblets at ordinary times, but at the September feast of the Consecration of the Angels they come in such numbers that all the roofs in Einsiedeln are insufficient to cover them. Two years ago all the stables, kitchens, and sheds in the town and its neighbourhood were required for the pilgrims, and hundreds were spending the whole night in the church; in one inn alone there were eighty-five French priests, most of whom, if not all, were pastors of German-speaking flocks in the conquered provinces. Pilgrims of the upper and middle classes, such as visit Paray-le-Monial and Lourdes, do not find their way in any number to Einsiedeln. We do not know whether the year of pilgrimage will send a larger detachment of the wealthy; of late years they have only visited Einsiedeln by proxy, and throughout the summer and autumn months one may see miserable specimens of their cheap proxies in the half-clad women with little bundles who huddle together in the fore part of the steamboats on the Lake of Zurich. The Black Virgin of St. Meinrad is sure of a very large concourse of the usual class this year, not merely on account of the special impulse given to pilgrimages, but because the *Engelweih* falls upon a Sunday. A programme of the doings on the eve, the festival Sunday, and its octave is attached as a fly-leaf to the *Kalender*, and it is there stated that the "*Engelweih*" of 1873 will be celebrated "auf besonders feierliche Weise." Editors of Catholic newspapers are requested to give full notice of the hours of the masses, festival sermons, cannon-shootings, bell-rings, processions; and to state that each of the Sundays will close with music in the Platz and "sinnreicher Illumination." The whole announcement is suggestive of a pious and wildly merry day at the Crystal Palace.

The principal interest of the *Einsiedler Kalender* comes from the fact that it is composed for the use of those thousands of the

* *Einsiedler Kalender für das Jahr 1874.* XXXIV. Jahrgang.

poorest classes from all German-speaking nations who find their way to Einsiedeln for a bodily or spiritual cure. Traditions of wonderful healings are handed down in Swiss and Elsasser families; unbelievers suggest that it is not very wonderful that a week's journeying in the open air, perhaps from the hot flats of Elsass, including a strenuous climb and a sojourn of two or three days at an elevation of three thousand feet above the sea, with copious drinkings of the most splendid water, should effect both bodily and mental ameliorations. The unbelievers cannot, however, account so readily for the improvement of soil and of crops which is said to result so frequently from a visit of their proprietor to the Black Madonna. But although the pilgrims find their way to Einsiedeln with the purpose of getting enjoyment, or bodily, spiritual, and worldly prosperity, out of the pilgrimage, the "Kalendermacher" (as the editor always calls himself) thinks they come for something more. He sees those needs of theirs of which they are not themselves actively conscious. They stand in want of political and ecclesiastical instruction; and in his *Kalender* he gives excitable persons of many nations directions as to the real aims and purposes of their civil governors, and of the wicked Old Catholic pastors and communities who will try to draw them into perdition. On the religious benefits of the pilgrimage the *Kalendermacher* has not a word to say, although he declares that he is determined to make the *Kalender* "vor Allem religiös und ein Bisschen politisch." He is new to his work; the genial Father Gall, who instituted the *Kalender*, and has edited it for the past thirty-three years, having died during the present year; the number for 1874 has a memoir and an excellent portrait of the "blessed *Kalendermann*." His successor apologizes for calling Father Gall a scholar; scholarship in a priest has come to be suspected by pious and simple Catholics since so many priestly scholars have become Old Catholics or shown Old Catholic sympathies:—

Oh, was habe ich gesagt! Mir ist als sehe ich viele meiner Leser schiefe Gesichter schneiden und höre sie sagen, So! also war P. Gall ein Gelehrter! Der *Kalendermann* war auch so ein Gelehrter mit einem Buch unter dem Arm und eine Brille auf der Nase! Und dann denken sie gar noch an das alte Sprichwort, Je gelehrter, desto verkehrter!

Contrasts between the happiness of the pious ignorant and the wretchedness of the unbelieving learned appear at intervals under different headings in other parts of the number. In a paper on "Summer in the Life of Nature and in the Life of the Church" there is a sketch of our own unhappy countrymen on tour. We go up to the top of the mountains in the company of rich Americans and Frenchmen, "with our red book." We leave our palaces and golden houses which we so jealously shut against the poor, but as we come up the mountain-side we find the poor goatherd or the Sennerrinn hospitably open his or her door to us. When we look on the white mountain-peaks, the blue lakes, the grand waterfalls, and the far-reaching view, we only know that it is all idyllic and romantic because our red book tells us it is; but the great majority do not feel that it is. The poor goatherd does not know what these grand words mean:—"Der Geisshirt aber mit seinem unverdorbenen Herzen fühlt die Schönheit dieser Wunder der Schöpfung."

We cannot help thinking that the printer must have slyly misplaced the adjectives in the editor's engagement that the *Kalender* shall be "before everything religious and in a slight degree political." Articles which begin religiously manage to end politically. The article on "Summer in Nature and in the Church," from which we have just quoted, closes with a column of grape-shot at the Old Catholics. In nature and in the Church we see everywhere external and material splendour; the Church, which has a winter in her Lent and Good Friday, has a gorgeous summer in her Pentecost, when the Holy Ghost descended upon the heads "der göttlichen Jungfrau und der Apostel," and in her Corpus Christi. The *Kalendermacher* holds this "für einen der festen und unumstößlichen Beweise, dass unsere Kirche die wahre Kirche Gottes ist." The Old Catholics are blind to this "best and most irrefragable proof that the Pope's Church is the true Church of God." Perhaps they think that it would have served Jupiter's Church equally well as an argument against St. Peter's Church. They tell us, he says, that we must worship God in spirit—"These spiritual worshippers of ours are nothing but unconverted Pharisees, who turn the inside outwards, as one turns a glove. They want to appear righteous on the outside, while our people wish to hide a real righteousness inside them." This dexterous turning of the tables upon the Old Catholic will easily pass for an argument with the peasant who has hung up a waxen figure of his own heart, or his wife's rheumatic leg, or his child's broken arm before the Black Virgin.

The comparison of the Old Catholics with the Jews is a favourite one with the new *Kalendermacher*. No comparison could have been more shrewdly chosen; every one who has mixed in South German or Swiss society will recollect the intolerant dislike with which Jews are regarded, even by those who are better educated than the buyers of the *Einsiedler Kalender*. These two classes of unbelievers and persecutors of the Church are linked together both in its pictures and its literature. There is an account of the conversion of a "portier" of one of the largest hotels in Switzerland from Protestantism to New Catholicism by the simple study of the New Testament. He read his Bible (possibly given to him by some Evangelical tourist who intended it to lead to a very different result) until he became so uncomfortable that he was compelled to send for a Catholic priest and ask to be received into the Church. The priest asked him what made him prefer the Catholic Church

to the Protestant, in which he had been brought up. "Well," said he, "in my New Testament I see that the true disciples of Christ were always persecuted on account of their doctrine. I look up and down the world to see what persons exhibit this mark of true discipleship in our time; where I find that sign I know that I shall find the true Church. Now, are the Jews persecuted? No. Are the Old Catholics? No. Are the Freemasons? No. Are the Catholic priests and religious orders, the bishops, and the Pope? Yes. I have therefore found the true disciples of Christ and His true Church." The priest acknowledged that the man had clearly perceived "das neue Kennzeichen der wahren Kirche," instructed him in all Catholic truth, and baptized him.

A more laboured and ingenious demonstration of the unity of spirit between Judaism and Old Catholicism is offered to the peasants of many lands in an article of several pages under the title "Die Zerstörung Jerusalems und etwas vom Altkatholizismus." The article is professedly a sermon upon a woodcut of one of the episodes of Kaulbach's great picture of the "Destruction of Jerusalem," the group in which the painter has represented, half really and half symbolically, the flight of Christendom out of the midst of the doomed city of Judaism. A Christian family is escaping in peace and without hurry, carrying palm-branches and the holy books, which the elders read as they journey; three Jewish children kneel on the road-side entreating to be taken with the Church from the wrath to come; three angels sweep overhead, bearing the sacramental chalice and host. There is something like spoiling the Egyptians in making Kaulbach do duty for the Ultramontanes, who have held him and his work in such abhorrence since his picture of the Reformation epoch. The sermon on this woodcut is a specimen of the most reckless rationalizing; but as rationalism can be called by the innocent title of mysticism when it is used in the service of the Pope, the *Kalendermacher*'s sermon will no doubt escape the condemnation which it would get if it had a less pious intention. The picture reminds us that there are two Jerusalems—one which God hates and will destroy, and the other, the true Jerusalem, which He delivers out of the midst of Jerusalem the damned. Kaulbach has given us a picture of the true Jerusalem in the act of its exodus. The true Jerusalem consists of the Pope and all the Catholic bishops, priests, and people who hold fast to him. The false and condemned Jerusalem consists, of course, of the Old Catholics. But here the parallel limps; for it would be absurd to tell the most ignorant peasant or professional beggar from the valleys that the Pope and Cardinals are engaged at this crisis of Church history in taking their flight out of the bosom of Old Catholicism. The brief which the *Kalendermacher* holds requires that he should show that in our day the false Jerusalem is taking its flight out of the midst of the true Jerusalem, and that in our day God is about to destroy those who flee to the mountains and not those who abide in the city. This is singularly awkward; so he is obliged to shift the figures and rationalize in a more promising direction. The true Jerusalem is but another name for Christendom, and Christendom means the entire Catholic faith, including its very latest definitions. Every true Catholic has this true Jerusalem in his own soul. When Old Catholicism enters into a Christian soul, the judgment of God visits it, and the true Christendom therefore takes its flight out of that soul; the angelic presence, the Sacraments, true doctrine, and Christian peace leave it, just as we see in the picture. In the midst of this quaint and impudent exposition the writer inserts a parenthetical advertisement of the book from which the woodcut is borrowed. But he is by no means exhausted by his two efforts at identifying Old Catholicism with Jerusalem the damned. He appeals next to history. Any person who has read the history of the year 70 A.D. in Eusebius will be astonished at its "viel Aehnlichkeit mit dem jetzigen Jahr 1874"—a slightly presumptuous anticipation of the character of a year as yet unborn. As in the year 70 the heavenly Jerusalem of God's faithful was surrounded by bitter enemies in the material Jerusalem, so in the year 1874 is God's heavenly Jerusalem in every soul and parish and in all Christendom surrounded by the wicked and by persecutors:—

The bitterest of all the enemies of the true Christendom in our day, and in our lands [says the *Kalendermacher*] are the so-called Old Catholics. Who then are these Old Catholics? They are those who refuse to believe and acknowledge the new dogma ("das neue Dogma") of the Papal infallibility in faith and morals. But, dear reader, this matter requires a closer explanation, and so I will tell you who belong to this people. To them belong all those who reckon themselves wiser than the Pope, than all the bishops, and than all the learned doctors and believers who hold this new dogma. To them belong all who think that God allows men to reject or acknowledge this truth just as they please. To them belong the proud and conceited, haughty professors, haughty officials, haughty lawyers, haughty schoolmasters and teachers, haughty simpletons (Dummhänne). These last are the most numerous, for I tell you that amongst all these haughty ones scarce one in a hundred knows what the dogma of Papal infallibility means. But the worst class of all the haughty ones is made up of haughty clergymen. Now mark this, dear reader, the haughty Old Catholics are nearly all Old Catholics out of deliberate plan and intention; they hide something behind their Old Catholicism. It is ambition. They are ambitious to rule, ambitious to get money, ambitious to be thought important, or ambitious for a wife; for among all these haughty Old Catholic clergymen you will scarcely find one who is not longing for a wife.

But the haughty, he says (die Hochmüthigen) form only one class of the old Catholics. There is another class who call themselves "die Aufgeklärten." They wish to have two dozen articles of faith less instead of one article of faith more. They dislike praying, fasting, and the confessional; they wish to reduce the outward ceremonies and worship God in spirit, but not in truth.

They are, in fact, no Catholics at all. The name Old Catholic just suits them; for as we call a man an old church beadle who was once a church beadle but is no longer one, and call another an old councillor because he was a councillor some years ago, so we call them old Catholics because they were once Catholics. "Schöne Altkatholiken das: geschneigte Herren und Gerngrosse!"

These two sections of Old Catholics have a bond of union in their hatred to the Catholic Church, the Pope, the bishops, and all the faithful Catholic people. They hide their real plan under a number of catchwords, such as "Neuerung in der Kirche, Abfall von der Kirche, Staatsgefährlichkeit des Glaubenssatzes!" At the destruction of Jerusalem there were just such parties in the doomed city. At the head of one stood the wicked old priest Eleazar, who had refused to receive the new dogma of Christ's kingdom; the pilgrims are evidently meant to see in him the Dollinger of the year 70, and in the great theologian the Eleazar of the year 1873. At the head of the other party stood the haughty "altjüdische" John of Giscala, the sly and powerful politician, in fact the Bismarck (as the Elsassers are to understand) of the year 70. The parallel is so drawn out that few can err in the interpretation. The Kalendermacher refuses to give the names of the moderns, quoting the Latin proverb in excuse:—"Nomina sunt odiosa, sagt der Lateiner, man hört die Namen nicht gern; du aber, lieber Leser, schreib sie an den Rand des Kalenders." In a quarter of a century "this Eleazar, the Old Catholic clergyman, and this John of Giscala, the crafty political manager, will be forgotten men." The great business of the pilgrims is to refrain from dealings with them or their dupes. They must remember that

No men are Catholics, though they do not alter one letter or syllable of the Catholic articles of faith, unless they add the article of the Pope's infallibility. Every ministerial act done by these Old Catholic clergymen is either *gottesräuberisch* oder *ungültig*, oder *beides zugleich*. Their masses are indeed masses, because they are and remain priests, but they commit sacrilege every time they celebrate mass. Every absolution they impart in the confessional or on the death-bed is a robbery of God, and of no profit to the receiver. Every Catholic who uses an Old Catholic clergyman for his soul's pastor makes himself a fellow-criminal. Most terrible is it when a whole congregation has such a pastor; far better would it be to have no pastor at all.

In the professedly political article of the *Kalender* the editor has taken his oversight of all the Christian nations through the eyes of Hans Guckensland. Herr G. is supposed to be an inquiring layman, and to relate what he has seen in Germany, Austria, France, and England with marvellous freedom from prejudice. We need hardly say that he is one of those laymen who are known in every Continental nation as clericals. Herr G. begins with Germany and ends with Switzerland; nowhere does he find the situation of the Church hopeless, while in France, England, and America it is more hopeful than it has been for centuries. He is afraid that Germany is becoming more Prussian than German, but is glad to see that Prussia cannot set Old Catholicism firmly upon its legs. Austria is governed entirely by the Jews; she is suffering from the loss of one of her greatest bishops, Dr. Fessler of St. Pölten, of whom Herr G. gives a life and portrait. The late bishop did the Catholic Church a service beyond all price by writing that unanswerable treatise on Papal infallibility with which the Holy Father declared himself to be completely satisfied:—"Er stellt darin den Glaubenssatz so klar, so bündig, so einfach und natürlich dar, dass sich der Leser am Ende fragt, wie es Leute geben kann, welche meinen, der Glaubenssatz von der päpstlichen Unfehlbarkeit bringe der Kirche und dem Staate Gefahr." Spain is likely to be happy, for "Don Carlos has promised to relay the foundations of faith and morality, right and justice, and he wins land and credit day by day." There is much that is foul in France, but it is overbalanced by the good. The repeated appearances of the Holy Virgin "als die unbefleckte Geborne" to a poor French girl in 1858 have given new life to France, and the life is showing itself in gigantic pilgrimages and innumerable conversions. Italy has destroyed her hopes with her last convent. "Poor characterless Victor Emmanuel is trembling with fear and anguish because he knows not at what moment the Revolution will devour him." Over Switzerland the writer becomes melancholy; he sees so many churches desecrated by sacrilegious worship. The Swiss leaders and governors "only take the name of Old Catholicism upon their movement in order to be able to bring the Church and Christendom to destruction so much the sooner." He speaks more charitably of us than of his own fatherland. He has been marvellously inspired by catching a glimpse of our Father Ignatius. In other lands he sees great exhibitions, political changes, scientific inventions:—

But the one mark-worthy thing in England is the rapid extension of the Catholic Church. One hundred and seventy years ago a reward of 2,500 francs was offered for the discovery of a Catholic clergyman, and now there are twenty bishops and 1,844 priests. . . . To the Jesuits the very freest activity is allowed. The Benedictines are most numerous and most beloved (Einsiedeln is Benedictine); they first brought the faith, science, order, and civilization into England. They possess five monasteries, fifty mission stations, five institutions for the higher education. Among the bishops are four Benedictines. Their reputation is so great, that a few years ago even a Protestant pastor gathered disciples around him and endeavoured to found a Protestant Benedictine monastery. Marvellous! On the Continent we hear day after day the assertion, Convents have outlived themselves, they are unsuited to our age! And the English, whose sense for practicality is famed throughout the world, are now introducing them again on all sides as the most useful of institutions.

AFTERMATH.*

ALL readers of poetry must feel pleasure when Mr. Longfellow adds a new volume to his former works; the only thing we are inclined to quarrel with is the title, *Aftermath*. Mr. Longfellow is but a year or two older than our Laureate, and we in England have not yet lost the hope of seeing the author of *Guinevere* and *In Memoriam*, perhaps after a certain time given to repose, to the re-adjustment and final concentration of his great faculties, once more "spring upwards like a pyramid of fire," and outshine all his former achievements. Both Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Longfellow must be included, we think, in the same class of singers—the men, we mean, of culture and thought; men with a power of self-measurement and self-criticism that enables them, if not, like Dryden, to go on improving, at least, like Milton and others, to retain their vigour and hold their ground firmly throughout a long career. They are, in a word, artist-poets, and not bard-poets. The bard, such as Shelley—we will add, in spite of all his faults, such as Swinburne—belongs to another type and subdivision of the poetic brotherhood. He is not necessarily greater; perhaps, in the number and organization of his faculties he is often less; but he differs. He is more nearly the man of whom Plato was thinking when he said *ἀνὴρ μακάρις ὁδὸς ποιητῆς*, he is more spontaneously and irrepressibly a poet. He is, on the other hand, we believe, less likely, when his youthful imagination flags a little, to fall back on meditative feeling and the resources of art, thus acquiring for it new strength and energy. Imaginative writers, if they lose nothing else as time goes on, must lose the glow and fire of youth—the mere animal fire, if you will, but even that, unless replaced by mental powers that ripen and develop themselves through serious thought, and sustained efforts in the pursuit of truth or the study of human life, is a loss to be felt and regretted. Now the bard we think less likely to recover himself after this first exhaustion and to go on growing than the artist. We have not space enough at our disposal to discuss the question here, but the grounds of our belief, as it seems to us, are obvious enough. If this be so, Mr. Longfellow, emphatically an artist-poet, and not a bard, has many fruitful years, we trust, before him; many crops of flagrant clover and flourishing lucerne to garner in, of which the seeds are now working secretly underground.

Taking this volume, however, just as we find it, we like nothing better than the short lyric at the end entitled, like the book itself, "Aftermath." It is full of pensive beauty, and seems as if it had been written in a time of falling leaves to the wailings of some autumnal wind. Before quoting it, we would remark that the technical term "rowen," a term new to us, appears to be a good old English word preserved, like many other good old English words, in America, though forgotten here; it means the rough grass, &c., whilst still on the ground, which makes up the aftermath when it is cut:—

When the Summer fields are mown,
When the birds are fledged and flown,
And the dry leaves strew the path;
With the falling of the snow,
With the cawing of the crow,
Once again the fields we mow
And gather in the aftermath.

Not the sweet, new grass with flowers
Is this harvesting of ours;
Not the upland clover bloom;
But the rowen mixed with weeds,
Tangled tufts from marsh and meads,
Where the poppy drops its seeds
In the silence and the gloom.

With regard to this new series of tales, taken by themselves, we do not know that they will increase Mr. Longfellow's poetical reputation. They are altogether slight, without either much body or very exquisite flavour, resembling rather good clean St. Julien, skilfully made and carefully bottled, than poetical Château Margaux or Lafitte; but there is nothing in them to show that Mr. Longfellow's right hand has lost its cunning, that his eye has grown dim, or his natural force abated. The interlocutors are the same men as before; but one merit this volume has, and in this respect it stands higher than its predecessors—that is, the skilful juxtaposition by which the tales are made to relieve each other. The colouring of the whole is so judiciously arranged and harmonized that we pass on from one legend to another more smoothly and pleasantly than heretofore. The main defect of the book, after its general slightness and want of bone, is, we think, that the majority of the stories are very old, very well known, and have been related again and again. For instance, the "Jew's Tale, or the Angel Azrael" is the ancient fable that Solomon sends off a terrified suppliant to the furthest end of India in order that he may escape impending doom, and, as may be expected, sends him in vain. This fable has been verified at least as effectively as in the pages before us. We cannot at this moment recollect whether it was so verified by Charles Tennyson Turner, or the lamented Arthur Hallam, or Archbishop Trench, but we do recollect the general purport, and the last two lines in particular. Solomon bends down in reverential awe before the dreaded messenger Azrael, meeting thus the stern question, "How comes it that this man is in Jerusalem, destined as he is to die at this very moment in the extremest distance of India?"—

Angel of Death, the King replied,
Thou'lt surely find him there.

* *Aftermath*. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. London: Routledge & Sons. 1873.

We like this conception of Solomon's behaviour in the presence of death better than that of Mr. Longfellow:—

And as they walked the guest became aware
Of a white figure in the twilight air,
Gazing intent, as one who with surprise
His form and features seemed to recognize;
And in a whisper to the king he said:
"What is yon shape, that, pallid as the dead,
Is watching me, as if he sought to trace
In the dim light the features of my face?"
The king looked, and replied: "I know him well;
It is the Angel men call Azrael,
'Tis the Death Angel; what hast thou to fear?"

The magnificent Jew, rejoicing in the pomp and splendour of a life unparalleled upon earth, was no more likely than his guest to be on careless and comfortable terms with Azrael. It is more to our taste also that Azrael's own question should be seriously put than in the half-jesting tone adopted by Mr. Longfellow:—

Then said the Angel, smiling, "If this man
Be Rajah Runjeet-Sing of Hindostan,
Thou hast done well in listening to his prayer;
I was upon my way to seek him there."

The "Mother's Ghost," again, has been made perfectly familiar to us by a very powerful poem of Mr. Robert Buchanan's. The form of the legend, as given by the two writers, varies a little; but Mr. Buchanan's version of it is the more interesting and impressive of the two. On the other hand, worn threadbare as the names of Emma and Eginhard have been by endless repetitions, we have never seen their story so charmingly told as it is here told by Mr. Longfellow. We quote the conclusion:—

Then Eginhard was summoned to the hall,
And entered, and in presence of them all,
The Emperor said: "My son, for thou to me
Hast been a son, and evermore shalt be
Long hast thou served thy sovereign, and thy zeal
Pleads to me with importunate appeal,
While I have been forgetful to requite
Thy service and affection as was right.
But now the hour is come, when I, thy Lord,
Will crown thy love with such supreme reward,
A gift so precious kings have striven in vain
To win it from the hands of Charlemagne."

Then sprang the portals of the chamber wide
And Princess Emma entered, in the pride
Of birth and beauty, that in part o'ercame
The conscious terror and the blush of shame.
And the good Emperor rose up from his throne,
And taking her white hand within his own
Placed it in Eginhard's, and said: "My son,
This is the gift thy constant zeal hath won:
Thus I repay the royal debt I owe,
And cover up the footprints in the snow."

All these compositions, moreover, even when not particularly original, are marked by Mr. Longfellow's fine taste and easy grace of expression. Having said this, here we might end, but that the word "Aftermath," though, we trust, used prematurely, suggests to us that we should cast a glance backwards, and compare what Mr. Longfellow is now offering to us with what he has already given to the world. Mr. Longfellow, though not one of the very productive and voluminous poets, has nevertheless in all these years accomplished a great deal. Many of his lyrics, such as the "Psalm of Life," the "Old Clock on the Stairs," the "Norman Baron," "Excelsior," and others, are of generally acknowledged excellence. The "Golden Legend," if we can put aside awkward reminiscences of *Faust*, is a dramatic poem of much beauty and sweetness; but, as far as these compositions are concerned, Mr. Longfellow, though a considerable English poet, is an English poet and no more. As a poet at once American and English he means to rest his fame, we presume, upon the story of *Hiawatha* and *Evangeline*. As for *Hiawatha*, the mythology is so grotesque, the incidents so absolutely without human interest, the monotonous trochaic measure so tiresome in the long run, that we cannot pronounce it a success. It is possible that in America a better knowledge of the places referred to, a livelier sense of the associations involved, may recommend it to Mr. Longfellow's countrymen, but it says little to us. With regard to *Evangeline*, however, the case is altogether different; it is, and this no doubt is its chief merit, a genuine American poem; but it is also a poem of a high order for England and the rest of the world. The first book is full of real idyllic beauty and masculine pathos—a pathos both true and deep—and the conduct of the story afterwards is not unworthy of that first book. In the interest of such a poem it is indeed unfortunate that the classical hexameter cannot be turned into an English measure. We think that Mr. Longfellow's instincts were right when he endeavoured to frame the poem of a new people and a fresh inspiration in a metre of its own—a metre that, without any violent or ostentatious separation, should remove it, as far as possible, from the commoner aspects of poetry in the old country; but, alas! he cannot any more than others manage the unmanageable, and *Evangeline* must continue to charm the lovers of poetry as it has hitherto charmed them, in spite of its being a pain and a trouble to read any of its beautiful passages aloud. Notwithstanding the ominous heading to this present book, we trust that *Evangeline* may not be the last national poem for which the world will have to thank Mr. Longfellow.

TAYLOR'S SOUND AND MUSIC.*

MR. TAYLOR has rendered an opportune service to English readers by conveying to them in a permanent and readable form Professor Helmholtz's valuable additions to the physical theory of music. Of these discoveries of the great German physicist Mr. Taylor considers it not too much to say that they do "for Acoustics what the *Principia* of Newton did for Astronomy." While completely upsetting the old theory of musical harmony, and throwing a new light on the physical meaning of musical quality or *timbre*, they reach back by implication into the fundamental laws of all sound. Professor Tyndall did something in his well-known Lectures on Sound to place a part of this doctrine before English students. Only, not being primarily concerned, like the German *savant*, with reconstructing the physical basis of music, he reproduces it in a slightly parenthetical and disconnected shape. Mr. Taylor has confessedly in view the explanation of musical effects, and his work follows very closely the great treatise of Helmholtz.

The new doctrine published by Helmholtz in *Die Lehre von den Tonempfindungen*, and popularly sketched out in his lecture *Ueber die physiologischen Ursachen der musikalischen Harmonie*, has not perhaps become very familiar to a large section of English readers. A brief but clear account of its principal features appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* for April 1872. But, so far as we are aware, no complete and reasoned statement of the German theory has been given us before the publication of Mr. Taylor's work. To those unacquainted with the main propositions of Helmholtz's theory, it may perhaps be well to state them at once, before considering Mr. Taylor's version of them. Up to the time of Helmholtz's researches little or nothing had been done to explain the quality or *timbre* of musical sounds. It had long been known that the pitch of a note is determined by the number of vibrations per second in the sounding body and the atmospheric medium. And the strength or intensity of a tone was rightly referred to the extent of oscillation in the agitated molecules of the air. With respect to the physical grounds of harmony, it had been discovered that, whenever two notes make a concord, there exists a simple numerical ratio between the numbers of their vibrations; and it was long concluded that such a relation supplied an adequate explanation of the pleasurable sense of harmony, it being forgotten that the mind of the hearer is never aware of any such numerical proportion. The first great service of Helmholtz was the analysis of the third variable in musical notes—namely, quality—into a series of partial tones. What goes as a simple elementary musical tone is in reality a composite tone or clang made up of a fundamental tone and certain upper tones, which are due to the simultaneous series of vibrations of different lengths that arise when a string or wire is made to oscillate. It is the number and strength of these upper tones which give the peculiar rich *timbre* to the notes of certain instruments, pre-eminently the human voice. On the other hand, where these are wanting, as in the notes of a tuning-fork or a stopped organ-pipe, the notes appear thin and poor. From the doctrine of the composition of single musical tones is deducible, with the help of known physical laws, the Professor's theory of harmony. It appears that when two sets of undulations of nearly the same length travel to the ear, their several phases tend now to strengthen, now to neutralize one another. The effect of this on the ear, when the alternations in the wave force are sufficiently slow, is, instead of an even flow of tone, a series of pulsations or shocks (*Tonstösse*). When they become exceedingly rapid, these beats are no longer distinguishable, and then we have the peculiar shrill jarring of dissonance. Now, according to Helmholtz, every case of discordant notes may be explained by help of these beats when once the composite character of our ordinary musical clangs is distinctly recognized. For it may be seen in every instance of two discordant tones that either between the fundamental tones themselves, or between their respective upper tones, some such effect of beat as we have described is produced. From this view it follows that the physical reason of harmony is simply a negative one. Any two or more simultaneous notes will produce a pleasing effect on the ear, provided there are no conflicting beat-favouring elements; and the reason why harmonic intervals always correspond to a simple numerical ratio is that this ratio happens to supply the only cases of non-conflicting upper tones.

Mr. Taylor's volume professes to add little to the excellent exposition of Helmholtz himself. Yet in point of style and mode of illustration our author may well lay claim to independent workmanship. No doubt he had in the German Professor not only a perfect master of his subject, but also a singularly clear and impressive exponent of science. But unfortunately there are too many examples of the facility with which a confused understanding may darken what another mind has rendered luminous, and we cannot but set at a high value the perfect grasp of subject which Mr. Taylor everywhere exhibits.

The author, it will be seen, avowedly writes for non-mathematical readers, and he has wisely kept this purpose in view in selecting both material and manner of illustration. A good part of the well-known facts and laws of sound, which are all presupposed in the explanation of musical phenomena, are very clearly stated. By the help of diagrams, some borrowed from previous writers,

* *Sound and Music. A Non-Mathematical Treatise on the Physical Constitution of Musical Sounds and Harmony, including the Chief Acoustical Discoveries of Professor Helmholtz. By Sedley Taylor, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co. 1873.*

and others original, Mr. Taylor succeeds, we think, in showing that a great number of acoustical facts are susceptible of interpretation quite apart from mathematical formulæ. Thus the nature of a wave as conceived in physical science is very simply defined, and the precise mode in which sound waves are propagated is rendered as intelligible, we suppose, as the nature of the phenomenon admits. Besides loudness and pitch, the phenomena of resonance receive ample discussion. It is known that when a tuning-fork is made to vibrate, another fork of precisely the same pitch, if held in close proximity, will be affected by the agitated air medium, and will sensibly respond to the first. So the column of air in a tube or box of certain shape and volume may be made to resound when contiguous to a vibrating tongue or string of certain length. Professor Helmholtz has made use of this fact in his instrument called the resonator, by means of which the presence of any partial tone in a given clang may be detected through the sympathetic movement of the air contained in a hollow brass globe corresponding in volume to the pitch of the particular tone. After explaining this interesting fact, Mr. Taylor gives us a full account of the mechanism of the principal musical instruments, and illustrates in a very happy manner the intricate phenomena of vibration of the air column, integral and segmental, in closed and open pipes. Other parts of the subject skilfully handled by our author are the interference of sound and beats, the meaning of pure intonation, and the somewhat unsatisfactory device of temperament. In all parts of this exposition Mr. Taylor shows that he has not only something of the firm grasp and the analytic skill of our best scientific writers, but also a touch of their scientific ardour. As a sample of a pleasantly graphic, and at the same time highly instructive, description, not unworthy perhaps of Professor Huxley or M. Taine, we may quote the following (pp. 7 and 8):—

An observer who looks down upon the sea from a moderate elevation on a day when the wind, after blowing strongly, has suddenly dropped, sees long lines of waves advancing towards the shore at a uniform pace and at equal distances from each other. The effect, to the eye, is that of a vast army marching up in column, or of a ploughed field moving along horizontally in a direction perpendicular to the lines of its ridges and hollows. The actual motion of the water is, however, very different from its apparent motion, as may be ascertained by noticing the behaviour of a cork, or other body, floating on the surface of the sea, and therefore sharing its movement. Instead of steadily advancing, like the waves, the cork merely performs a heaving motion as the successive waves reach it, alternately riding over their crests and sinking into their troughs, as if anchored in the position it happens to occupy. Hence, while the waves travel steadily forward horizontally, the drops of water composing them are in a state of swaying to-and-fro motion, each separate drop rising and falling in a vertical straight line, but having no horizontal motion whatever.

Other examples of precise statement and luminous explanation may be found in the definition of a physical wave (pp. 25–26); in the representation, by means of a diagram, of the invisible motion of vibrating molecules in symbols of visible motion (p. 29); in the account of the complex phenomena of resultant wave-forms (p. 142, *seq.*), and elsewhere. As an instance of a familiar fact happily invested with an unsuspected scientific significance, we may refer to our author's account of the rich effect due to the action of the loud pedal of the pianoforte (pp. 110–113).

The chief interest, however, of Mr. Taylor's book is due not so much to lucid exposition of physical science as to the intimate acquaintance of the author with the two sides of musical theory, the physical and the æsthetic. The writer has a deserved reputation in the musical world, and his book clearly enough shows the lover of art quite as much as the disciple of science. Thus, when explaining the defects of the tempered scale as adopted in keyed instruments like the pianoforte and the organ, Mr. Taylor uses the opportunity (p. 206, *seq.*) of urging the practice of vocal music independently of these instruments, and reiterates what has been repeatedly preached since the time of Rousseau as to the desirableness of a musical notation, such as Mr. Curwen's tonic sol-fa, which would facilitate the separate cultivation of the voice by expressing all intervals in terms of their relation to the tonic or key-note. So our author has some very judicious remarks (p. 215) on the relation of physical to æsthetic law. According to the theory of Helmholtz, the most perfect concords—that is, those in which conflicting upper tones are fewest and feeblest—are the octave, and, next to it, the fifth. But, as Mr. Taylor reminds us, these are not the most pleasing to the ear, the third and sixth being certainly much more grateful combinations. In other words, the æsthetic value of tones depends on a variety of elements, smoothness being but one. We are inclined to regret that Mr. Taylor did not follow up the search briefly hinted at (p. 217), for some of those other considerations which make musical combinations delightful. More especially the very interesting phenomena of key relations, touched on in this place, might have been appropriately discussed in a work that undertakes to treat of sound and music; and indeed Professor Helmholtz in his treatises gives a very full account of the laws which have helped to determine the selection of our key system. The illustration of physical theory by means of the historical developments of music forms one of the most valuable ingredients of the German work, and it seems not a little surprising that so cultivated a musician as Mr. Taylor should have wholly neglected to avail himself of these very striking illustrations and verifications.

Mr. Taylor is generally so accurate that any seeming omission of a due limitation to an assertion is pretty certain to arrest one's attention. For instance, he tells us (p. 134) that if two tuning-forks forming the interval of an octave are sounded

together, the ear soon ceases to regard them as two tones, and hears instead one note having the pitch of the lower, and a quality more brilliant than that of either. But this is, we presume, only true provided the note of the higher fork bears some relation of intensity to that of the lower. If it were very much more powerful, it would certainly continue to make itself heard as a distinct note. Again, it scarcely seems a correct analogy when Mr. Taylor contrasts (p. 146) the power of the ear to single out a constituent tone of a clang with the inability of the eye to detect the two curves which are not really present in the resultant curve, but simply serve to produce it. The true analogy would be with the inability of the eye to analyse composite light into its constituent colours—say, purple into blue and red—though it is hardly certain that the organ might not be trained to such analysis just as the ear confessedly requires discipline in order to develop its capacity. It may be added that Mr. Taylor does not sufficiently economize language when he speaks of “an external objective existence” (p. 152), and perhaps it is not quite correct to deny this attribute to “a state of motion of certain air particles.” The naming of such trifling inaccuracies may serve to show how very correct Mr. Taylor proves himself in all the more important features of his exposition.

TEGETMEIER'S POULTRY BOOK.*

AT a season when eggs are fabulously dear, and when fowls, if obtainable at all, are only to be obtained at double the price they used to fetch, it cannot be ill timed to notice the new and much improved edition of Mr. Tegetmeier's *Poultry Book*. The author's merited reputation as an experienced master of his subject secured acceptance for his first edition six years or so ago; but, instead of being content to reproduce it in the same form, he has in the interval added greatly to his former stores of information, and has so rearranged his chapters that those who take an interest in fowls for the supply of the table, and those who value them chiefly as egg-producers, will now find each topic discussed in separate parts of the volume, divided, as is meet, by a new chapter on the best way of fattening poultry for culinary purposes. One great recommendation of the book is its soberness and practical tone. Mr. Tegetmeier is not tempted into extravagant speculations, even theoretically, by the annual value of French eggs, which, including exports, is said to be 125,000,000 francs, or of French poultry, which is much the same. He was never taken in, like some of his compeers, by the “de Sora” hoax of a gigantic poultry establishment near Beauvais, or by a later hoax about another at “Charnay, a picturesque village near Paris,” kept by a certain Madame de Lenas, and duly chronicled by the English author of the *Practical Poultry Keeper*, though neither of these bird-towns had any more real existence than the “Nephelococcyria” of Aristophanes. In fact, he does not encourage us to indulge in dreams of rearing poultry in very large numbers, although he records the success of poultry fattening establishments such as that of Mr. Oliver, of Rushlake, near Warbleton, in which chickens collected and purchased from cottagers are prepared in great numbers for the London market, the work of cramming them being done by machinery. All he maintains is that, properly taken up, poultry-keeping will yield a very satisfactory market return, though there is a limit to supply, and though the birds are more costly to produce than butchers' meat. What is necessary is to avoid vagaries and extravagances, and study common sense principles and methods, in which the French manifestly beat us. The fowls of the district of La Bresse, in the North-East of France, which take or took most prizes in the Paris fat poultry shows, owed their success not to superiority of breed, nor to greater size, but to the careful and systematic fattening on buckwheat and milk which gave a plumpness at three months old to birds of the ordinary farmyard type not attained by French fowls of much purer breed and much more famous antecedents. This is a fact which deserves to be known by those who have not the advantage of prize fowls to improve and give a tone to their poultry-yard. A great deal, it seems, may be achieved by simple care, system, and attention to common sense details, without the introduction of expense in staff, accommodation, commissariat, and so on. Indeed, if you take the pains to get a hardy breed, such as the half-bred Brahma and Dorking chickens, such a breed will almost take care of itself.

The earlier pages of the *Poultry Book* are full of evidence that natural conditions are more conducive to the health and fertility of the poultry-yard than the appliances of costly civilization. Chickens that roost in trees and coppices during summer and early autumn are always found in much harder condition and finer plumage than those which roost in houses.

The Peacock, Guinea-fowl, and Pheasant, natives of much warmer climates than our own, do not require the shelter of a roof; and young fowls of different varieties, in the highest possible condition, are often found which have, even as late as Christmas, never been within a building of any kind.

It is proved, too, that hens which select a hiding-place for incubation produce more chickens, and healthier chickens, than those which enjoy the luxury of the best hen-house nest. Nor, though the poultry books are apt to preach against the dangers to

* *The Poultry Book*. By W. B. Tegetmeier, F.Z.S. With Pictures by Harrison Weir. Printed in Colours by Leighton Brothers. London: Routledge & Sons. 1873.

the health of fowl and chicken from letting the hens range till the dew is off the grass, does it at all appear that hens allowed to roam at will and to feed a-field at 4 A.M., fail to rear the finest of chickens, any more than that dew is fatal to the notoriously more delicate young of the pheasant and the partridge. American experience corroborates Mr. Tegetmeier's clearly propounded view that the only way of rearing poultry together on a large scale is not in such poultry establishments as the defunct palace at Bromley, but in widely extended ranges such as would be congenial to the wild bird. Mr. Leland, of New York, gives up to his fowls eighteen acres of rough land, an acre to the hundred, full of bushes, weeds, sand, ash-heaps, lime, and bones, a pond of water, and a specially ploughed-up worm preserve. He has, he tells us, often as many as three thousand spring chickens.

All this tends to show that the secret of the profitable rearing of poultry does not lie in the houses which those who can afford it cunningly contrive to please the eye and to confine the bird. No doubt such houses, if they have a south aspect, a dry site, a pure atmosphere, and the essential of cleanliness, and especially if a wall to the north or at the back secures warmth and shelter, give great advantage and an almost certainty of successful operations. But the state of nature ensures many of these requisites, and civilization sometimes overlooks them. For instance, it is of great consequence to keep the floor of the poultry-house free from droppings, and its atmosphere pure from the taint of decaying organic matter. At Bromley this was done by covering the ground enclosed with a thick layer of dry pulverized earth, on which the manure fell, and which acted as a perfect deodorizer. This earth was constantly changed, and in some schemes a wooden tray or movable flooring facilitates the process. But, as we read in the *Journal of Horticulture* (July 10), some amateurs, intending to do the thing handsomely, lay down a brick floor in cement, and so engender disease of the feet and legs in their fowls, from the retention of moisture and insufficient drainage. The flooring of a poultry-house should be a three-inch coating of dry gravel, or a mixture of gravel and coal ashes. Turned over lightly with a spade now and then, this will not need replacing for two or three months; whereas the brick floor, besides other faults above mentioned, is not easily deodorized. One advantage which the houses have over shrubberies and coverts is that there is more protection in them against the rapine of the fox and the inroads of the rat; perhaps too, under a patent lock and key, they may afford security against the quite as common two-legged thief who not infrequently sells you your own eggs and chickens. But, on the whole, it seems plain that for the table supply, whether in fowls or eggs, it is best that we should look to the simpler processes of farmyard and cottage rearing, and that old-fashioned mode of poultry-keeping which goes on at the back of country houses, and should leave the niceties and refinements to those who breed and feed for exhibition purposes.

It is essential, however, to this end that there should be sense and system in respect of the kind of fowls kept. Nothing but deterioration can come of the barn-door principle carried out in thorough indifference to breeds and strains. If a yard is full of these mongrels, and it is inconvenient to make a clean sweep and to import in their place one or two good breeds that will do well together, the best way to improve it, with an eye to the production of market poultry, is to introduce a good Dorking cock:—

In the following year (all the young cross-bred cocks having been fattened for the market) the most serviceable pullets of compact shape and short on the legs should be alone retained for stock, the Dorking cock being exchanged for one not of the same blood. By following this plan for a third year, the chickens produced will be seven-eighths Dorkings; and thus, at a very small expense and trouble, a farmyard of comparatively worthless, unsaleable stock may be converted into really valuable marketable birds.—P. 102.

On the other hand, no worse cross for the barn-door fowls can be imagined than that which, owing to the fashion of past years, is of very common occurrence—namely, with the Cochins. The result is, to use Mr. Tegetmeier's description, a "gaunt, weedy, stilty, big-boned, angular, yellow-legged bird," rejected by the Leadenhall salesmen, and consequently passed over by the higglers.

Assuming that, directly or indirectly, it is for the table, for home consumption, or the market, that poultry are reared and fattened, it is not hard to glean from Tegetmeier, with whose dicta most henwives and practical poulterers will agree, which are the likeliest and least costly breeds to keep. Two data on the subject are that "a table fowl should be all breast, with short limbs and small bones," and that fowls are only in perfection for the table before they have attained their full development. This guides us to the choice of birds of a broad full-breasted type, and also having an aptitude to ripen early and to repay attention to their keep. A good many sorts may be put out of the question. The build of the Malay fowl, with its great height, long snaky neck, and elongated shanks, promises little in appearance; yet because it combines a large and plump breast with a good flavour of flesh when killed early, it has some pretensions as a table fowl. This may be considerably enhanced by a cross with a Dorking hen, which will produce an extraordinary table fowl. The Spanish breeds, second to no fowls for great production of large eggs, limited however to the summer season, are out of the question for table purposes, on account of their dark legs, which the cooks and poultry dealers object to; though the Minorca breed, which is akin to them, and has taken strong root in Cornwall, Devon, and the West of England, is a better and plumper table

fowl, besides equalling its relations in laying. The game fowls have the drawback of a yellow skin, though their flesh is well flavoured; the Polish are a delicate race, very sensitive to damp, though useful as interminable layers; and the Hamburgs, though excellent in flesh and flavour, and having more flesh than you would expect from their size, are also somewhat delicate, and not what might be called an early fowl. None of these, though each has some characteristic merit, realize what we desiderate—"a large-sized, hardy breed, which will yield, without trouble or coddling, a good supply of large early chickens." At the first blush it might appear that the Cochin had a claim to consideration, but inquiry will prove that this is only for home consumption. Its yellow skin, its tendency to put on fat, and most of all its development of leg at the expense of breast, the inferior parts at the expense of the finer—though it should be said, in extenuation, that the Cochin's leg is much less tough than that of other fowls—disqualify it for a first-class table fowl, though it has very high merits, such as hardihood, winter prolificacy, docility, and quick growth for household purposes. Mated with the large French fowls, the Cochins produce chickens of rapid growth and large size, fine, fat, white-skinned table-birds, though not of course admissible for exhibition, or for stock purposes. Of non-European birds, a category in which we may safely place the Brahmas, though it is a vexed question whether they are Asiatic or American in their origin, there can be no question that the most useful importation for all purposes has been the Brahma, the largest and finest of domestic fowls. With full, broad, prominent breast, a back short and broad between the shoulders and across the hips, a curved, slender neck, and wings small and tight, the true Brahma is a good fatterer, a first-rate table fowl, early ripe, and, at maturity, of enormous proportions. Whiter, tenderer, juicier than the Cochin, it is quite as docile, and will keep itself better. It is also very hardy, will stand wet and cold, and is a good layer, especially in winter. Mr. Tegetmeier introduces into this edition a hint to the judges in poultry shows designed to avert the deterioration of this excellent breed. The tendency, it seems, is to award prizes to size, and not, as the schedule directs, to high condition, beauty of plumage, cushion and fluff about the thighs, purity of race, and other characteristics. And if this be persisted in, the danger is that we may get, in the place of true Brahmas, "gaunt, flat-sided, taper-sterned, short-feathered" creatures, far removed from the ideal which has till recently been very nearly realized in the best prize-pens. A thorough John Bull will go in for Dorkings, and small blame to him. They grow very quickly, and put their flesh, as they should, on the breast, wings, and merrythought. The coloured breeds are best for size; but all the Dorkings, coloured, white, or silver grey, are remarkable for delicate white flesh, symmetrical shape, and equal distribution of fat. As they are apt to suffer from over-feeding, it is in their favour that they like a good and large grass run, and do best with a fair amount of liberty. Where this is not feasible, the cross between a Dorking and a Brahma will be doubly desirable; for the result will be very hardy, quick-growing chicks of great weight and first-rate table quality, the Brahma introducing domesticity and adding stamina. Such cross-bred chickens "are not equal to pure-bred Sussex or Dorking as first-class market fowls, but from the greater number that can be reared on an ordinary farmyard, where no very especial care is given to them, they will be found much more profitable." But we must not forget the cream of the French breeds, the Houdan, worthiest of his fellows to rank with the Brahma and Dorking as the most meritorious of fowls. Large, heavy, short-legged, with small and light bones, and a minimum of offal, like the coloured Dorking, they are hardy and quickly reared, and mature with great rapidity. The chickens are fit for the table at four months, and the flesh is fine and white. The eggs too of the Houdan are numerous, and generally fertile. It must be added that they are indifferent hatchers. As they very rarely sit, it is well to keep a few Brahma or Cochin hens to hatch their eggs, which will not be confounded with those of the hatchers, as the latter are buff-coloured. On the whole, as a few hardy breeds are better than many of various merit and degrees of constitution, we should gather from Mr. Tegetmeier, as indeed from our own observation, that Brahmas, Dorkings, and Houdans are the best investments—taken all in all—for the poultry-yard.

As to the questions of comb and toe, and markings which are points of excellence in the standards of various breeds, these are discussed with clearness and judgment by Mr. Tegetmeier, and we commend his remarks to all intending exhibitors. Our purpose has rather been to glean hints for the present stress from this very useful book of reference. It is indeed a book that will not fail the inquirer, be his quest what it may. In it we learn how well the French systematically fatten fowls for market on buckwheat meal, bolted fine and kneaded up in sweet milk to the consistency of baker's dough, and then cut up into two and a half inch pellets; and how another French plan, for which our author will not vouch, is to fatten wholly with liquid food. Two meals a day punctually, given at an interval of twelve hours apart, are a *sine quâ non* of successful fattening. We also find full particulars of Mr. Olliver's mode of "cramming by machines"; and cooks, amateur and professional, may learn something from the pages as to plucking and trussing fowls, which are taken from the writer on high-art cookery who signs himself "G. C." No known breed of domestic fowl, from the giants of the poultry-yard to its veriest dwarfs, from Brahmas to Bantams, and whatever is

between, is overlooked in this comprehensive volume, which includes also turkeys, pea-fowl, and guinea-fowl, as well as the aquatic fowl, on which we have no space to touch.

THE WRONG MAN.*

MRS. MONTGOMERY'S present book is about as unlike her former one as one book can be to another. *Mine Own Familiar Friend* was distinguished by an extraordinary want of morality in tone; it transported us to places where the existence of such a thing as principle seemed a yet undiscovered fact; its scene was laid in unconventional lands, and its characters had a daring disregard for the conventional rules that are supposed to hold society together. The *Wrong Man*, on the other hand, aims at a high purpose. The places we visit through its pages are those which must be well known to the majority of readers, and the ideas of the leading personages err on the side of Quixotism. The story opens prettily enough with a visit of Madeline Fairley—whom we may take to be the heroine of the book, though she is hard run for that place—to Mrs. Herbert, to whom she has to communicate the good news that she is going on a foreign tour with some friends of her father's. Madeline is known by the name of Beechnut, in consequence of the brown colour of her hair and eyes. Her description is the least good part about her, and presents to our mind's eye, when we analyse it, a sort of monster fit to be carried around in caravans rather than the pretty bright girl she is supposed to be. For we are told that "her skin, in the shadows of her face, wherever they happened to fall, had a warm golden tint which harmonized so well" (so well as what?) "with hair and eyes." Also that "the shorter hair was clipped into a little fringe—thus blending in a soft haze the dark roll of hair above, and the golden-shadowed, ruddy-tinted face." It is difficult to conceive a more appalling spectacle than this young woman whose hair, skin, and eyes were all of the same hue, and all blended into a soft haze. Mr. Wilkie Collins's ghastly blue man in *Poor Miss Finch* was nothing to her. She was, however, probably not so brown as she is painted; for wherever she goes she is popular and sought after, and produces a pleasant impression. Upon Mrs. Herbert's face, however, one cloud is cast by Madeline's mention that she may be passing through Germany; for Mrs. Herbert has a son, who years ago committed some mysterious and dreadful crime, in consequence of which he had to fly the country, and he is supposed to be now wandering in Germany. Given these conditions, it is not difficult to see what the result must be if the formula of novel romance is adhered to. A young man of hitherto exemplary character becomes suddenly most abandoned, commits a felony, and flies the country, killing his father and breaking his mother's heart by his conduct. Therefore he must be innocent of the crime which has clouded his life. A young lady brought up on intimate terms with him in childhood travels through the country which he has sought as a refuge, starting with a violent prejudice against him, which, by dint of her having him continually forced on her notice, grows to absolute horror. Therefore she cannot but discover his innocence and fall in love with him. Add to the before-mentioned data that the Franco-Prussian war is going on at the time of the girl's travels, and that she becomes a nurse, and the imagination, or, we should rather say, the logical faculty, will at once supply a pallet in a hospital ward, a wounded soldier stretched on it, a hazy reminiscence of his face and voice, developing into perfect recollection, a start of horror, and a final explanation.

But, although the outlines of Mrs. Montgomery's story are conventional enough, there is much in the detail that is not so. The description of life and things in Brussels is bright and clever, and if nobody ever plunged on a first introduction at a drum deep into the discussion of creeds and no creeds, as do Madeline, M. Le Ferrier, and Camille Vonderblanc, at least their conversation is more interesting than the sickly badinage and teapot flirtations which make the dialogue of so many society novels. Camille Vonderblanc is Mrs. Montgomery's best performance in the way of character drawing, and there is a good deal that is fine in her. The doubts that arise in her, born chiefly of the continual spectacle of her mother's worldliness and hypocrisy, her calm dignity and strong purpose, all make her interesting. But the strength of mind with which the author has endowed her is the cause of a serious flaw in the book. The means by which she is finally converted to the Church of Rome (almost every one in the book is a Roman Catholic) are so weak and ill explained that our belief in her existence is destroyed when we read of the incident, and we feel that she has been set up, like the wooden popinjay of the Dresdeners, and given an appearance of strength and stability, only to be knocked down with the greater glory. Convictions so easily attained can be of but little worth, but conviction at any price seems to be the rule in the *Wrong Man*. A dinner party is given by Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald, the friends with whom Madeline is travelling, during their stay at Brussels, and to this dinner come Mr. and Mrs. Huskinson and their son Godfrey, who was in the same bank with the unfortunate Frederick Herbert and knows the history of his disgrace. Godfrey Huskinson is a young man of singularly attractive manners and appearance, with a feminine element in his nature, and a restless vivacity

in conversation. When we hear that this bright manner is every now and then crossed with a mysterious cloud, and that when his gaze falls "on the bowed head and beautiful features of a Prussian soldier" who is kneeling in the cathedral at Köln, whither the whole party travels, we can have little doubt who and what Godfrey Huskinson is. And, in fact, in the next chapter a meeting takes place between him and the soldier, who is of course none other than Frederick Herbert, which reveals, what we have before suspected, that Frederick is for some reason bearing the burden of Godfrey's guilt. The scene of this meeting, a little house across the bridge, affords opportunity to the author for a singularly fresh and pretty description of the house itself and of the martens who have made their nests under its roof. Specially good is the description of their notes:—

Meanwhile the chirping and the chattering went on without much difference year after year, and all day long. It began before the sun was up; it was always joyous beyond any sound known to human beings. Nothing in words can so ripple and run over, and chip and twitter with sheer glee, as the note of the marten. It is not a song, for a song expresses a modulated sentiment; but this is simple cheeriness. The thing in human life that comes nearest to it is the babble of French children let out to play; but even that is harsh, compared with the sweet gurgle, as of bubbling bliss, that pours forth by the hour from the martens' little quivering throats.

The scene of the meeting, too, is finely imagined, and so well worked up that in reading it we almost forget the impossibility and inconsistency of such a character as Herbert's. From Cologne we are carried to Chillon, where an underplot of Godfrey falling in love with Madeline, and Lucy Fitzgerald falling in love with Godfrey, and somebody else falling in love with her, "and so on *ad infinitum*" begins, and an expedition across the Tête Noire, ending in Godfrey saving Madeline from a fall over a precipice, gives him an opportunity for declaring his feelings for her.

The dangers of this well-known pass, which is a particularly "broad way," are exaggerated in a manner scarcely warrantable even in a novel. We cannot remember ever to have gone for the most part in single file when crossing it, nor even at "the wildest and most savage part" to have seen anything approaching to the dizzy horrors which Mrs. Montgomery describes. The incident indeed seems to us altogether unnecessary and purposeless, unless it were meant to rehabilitate Godfrey somewhat in the reader's eyes—a thoroughly hopeless task. Our sympathies are meant to be, to a certain extent, excited for him throughout; but it is as impossible to believe that so contemptible a scoundrel could have so much to recommend him as it is to imagine that so fine a character as Frederick Herbert could have been such an idiot. The war to which we are introduced soon after these events gives occasion for many clever and well-touched sketches of character and scenery. Mr. Pearson, the surgeon who has come out for love of operations, and for whom the "war had nothing to do with the interests of France or the glory of Prussia, hardly perhaps even with the sufferings of humanity, although nothing could exceed his tenderness and attention to his patients," is rather a fascinating person, and we are sorry so see so little of him. The great scene of the war episode, however, is that in which Camille, going out to save her high-souled lover, Le Maître, from the horrors of a promiscuous burial with her own hands, ends by restoring him unexpectedly to life. This scene is a mistake. Even if all the force and power of reticence, as well as of expression, which such a description requires were brought to bear on it, it could not fail to be ghastly and repellent. As it is, it becomes revolting. When Le Maître has been saved from the jaws of death in time to marry Camille, nothing remains but to extricate Frederick Herbert from his false position, remove from his shoulders the burden they have so long and so unjustly borne, and marry him happily to Madeline. The most obvious and simple method of effecting this is a death-bed confession by the miserable Godfrey, a general mingling of tears, and a final arrangement by which all becomes, to use the expression of the madman in *Nicholas Nickleby*, "gas and gaiters." And this is accordingly done; but we must enter a protest against the doctrine which Mrs. Montgomery appears to uphold, according to the account of his seven years' sacrifice of name and honour which Frederick Herbert himself gives. Here we have one young man doing for another, to whom it is true he bears a love deep as a brother's, a thing which he would have no right to do, however strong that other's claims were upon him; and in this case there is no claim save that of affection. To save Godfrey from disgrace and punishment, to save him from bringing agony upon his parents, who have centred their lives in his, Frederick Herbert, himself an only son, every whit as dear to his parents as Godfrey to his, takes upon himself the blame of Godfrey's disgraceful crime, flies the country without an explanation, lives practically outlawed for seven years, and by so doing brings his own father to the grave and his mother to heart-broken despair, while the real criminal's parents hug their darling boy to their hearts' content. And the crowning reason for Herbert's doing this, the one thing that overbears all regret, all sense of his natural duties and affections, is that by this sacrifice, by the continual heaping of fiery coals on Godfrey's head, he hopes at the last, to use his own expression, to save his soul. And this we are to count well bought at the price of a father early killed, a mother prematurely broken down. Such a theory as this can scarcely require comment. We regret that Mrs. Montgomery should have selected it as the leading idea of what is otherwise a pleasant series of pictures of life and scenery. The author should pay more attention to her grammar and spelling. Such sentences as "though often not in the best taste, she yet felt an

* *The Wrong Man*. By the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Montgomery, Author of "*Mine Own Familiar Friend*," &c. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1873.

attraction for the strongly delineated intensity betrayed by the objects of devotion," such words as "teaming," for "teeming" fall under the head of inexcusable blunders.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE latter volumes of the collected edition of Grillparzer's writings* contain his acted but unpublished plays, those entirely new to the world, his novelettes, and some miscellaneous prose writings. Of the dramas new to the press but not to the stage, the principal is one on the history of Hero and Leander, quaintly entitled the *Waves of the Sea and of Love*. It would have been better, perhaps, if the poet had avoided a subject so nearly akin to that of his *Sappho*, of which the present piece appears to be a feeble reproduction. It is nevertheless replete with poetical beauty; and we can easily admit the editor's assertion that it has proved successful in the rare case of an actress being found capable of reproducing the innocent sensuousness, the purity of soul and warmth of blood combined in the character of Hero. The character, however, charming though it be, is rather idyllic than dramatic, and the simple plot is insufficient to furnish material for five acts. *To Dream, to Live*, is a fanciful Oriental drama, in which the influence of Calderon and Gozzi is manifest. It is ingenious and poetical, but belongs to a class which must always be an exotic on the modern stage, though it is stated to have fairly established itself as a stock piece at Vienna. The new plays *Fraternal Strife in Hapsburg* and the *Jewess of Toledo* display Grillparzer in the light of a most accomplished writer for the stage; the former piece in particular gives a stirring representation of the times to which it relates, equally truthful and picturesque. Both, however, are too palpably works of reflection; a genuine vein of poetry distinguishes the writer from the mere playwright; but his work is nevertheless rather a manufacture than a spontaneous growth. The last volume contains Grillparzer's little tales, which are interesting, but not remarkable; a circumstantial analysis of the plays of Lope de Vega; and a series of detached thoughts on religious and philosophical subjects, expressed with the simplicity and independence characteristic of the writer.

The biographer of the late leader of the Prussian Liberals, Leo Waldeck†, has restricted himself to an account of his hero's political, and especially his Parliamentary, career. Waldeck belonged to a class of politicians of whom Prussia, fortunately for herself, has produced numerous examples—accomplished jurists who, while professionally sensitive to all infringements of popular rights, have from the same cause been indisposed to any but a legal and constitutional resistance. Waldeck's principal qualifications for the prominent part he was destined to perform seem to have consisted less in superiority of genius than in superiority of character—undaunted courage, prodigious industry, perfect disinterestedness, and a Parliamentary leader's faculty for organization and control. His reputation acquired great adventitious lustre from the defeat of an iniquitous prosecution to which he was subjected on account of his share in the events of 1848; and when at length, after a long suppression of all national life, Parliamentary government revived at the accession of the present Sovereign, he found himself at the head of the so-called Progressive party in the Prussian Chamber. His name will be chiefly remembered for his share in the long conflict between the majority of the Chamber and the Bismarck Ministry on the subject of the military budget, the issue of which, from a totally unexpected turn of circumstances, so notoriously falsified the predictions and disappointed the expectations of constitutional Liberals throughout Europe. It proved, however, an admirable course of political education for the country, and, notwithstanding Prince Bismarck's complete success, he has since found it advisable tacitly to adopt the principles of his opponents. Waldeck appears to have accepted his defeat with a good grace, and to have laboured for that union of the aristocratic and liberal elements of the nation on the common ground of the public good which Prince Bismarck's present policy absolutely requires as a condition of success. His part in politics, however, was less prominent after the War of 1866. He died in May 1870.

The fourth volume of Ferdinand Gregorovius's sketches from Italy‡ is devoted to the central region of the country, commencing with a highly interesting account of the unique remains of Byzantine art at Ravenna, that strange city so picturesquely placed on the confines of the ancient and the modern worlds. There is also a pleasant narrative of an excursion in Umbria. In general, however, the contents of the volume are of an historical and political character, the most important being an essay on the relations of Italy with the Holy Roman Empire of the middle ages, and a very circumstantial narrative of the invasion of the Papal territory by the Garibaldians in September 1867.

An appropriate destiny has despatched one of the driest travellers in the world to one of the driest countries. It would be unfair to assume that Herr von Schlagintweit§ would have been

incapable of picturesque description with more promising materials; nor can it be denied that there is something impressive in the very bleakness, barrenness, and monotony of the Tibetan highlands which it has fallen to his lot to traverse. Undoubtedly, however, the predominant feeling on closing his volume is that traveller and country are exactly made for each other. The dry, stormy, shadowless land, alternately scorched and frozen, in its physical features almost a copy of the inhospitable surface of the moon, with its scanty animal life, apathetic population, uneventful history, and stereotyped semi-civilization, is fitly allotted to an explorer whose narrative reads like a catalogue, and whose contributions to our knowledge, in the present volume at least, are mainly confined to the mapping-out of routes, the measurement of elevations, and readings of the barometer and thermometer. These particulars no doubt have their importance. We do not forget our indebtedness to the brothers Schlagintweit for an interesting account of Tibetan Buddhism; and it may be hoped that the collections formed by them in the country will yet prove of value in a philological point of view. All this does not alter the fact that this volume is almost wholly unreadable except by the select few who may themselves be contemplating an expedition to Tibet, and who, on the principle that "there's nae wale o' wigs on Munrimmon Moor," may be thankful for information in its least inviting form. The book is divided into six chapters, the first five treating of as many different districts of Tibet, the sixth of the author's residence in the capital, which is distinguished by an extraordinary penury of personal detail. The aridity of the book is, however, occasionally relieved by some trait of the national customs, which almost seems to have found its way in by accident.

Dr. A. Dorner*, the son of the celebrated theologian, has produced an essay on the theological system of St. Augustine, mainly undertaken with the view of determining whether Augustine's place is among the doctors of the Church or the precursors of the Reformation. The conclusion arrived at is that, notwithstanding the numerous points of sympathy between Augustine and the Reformers, he is in no way estranged from the general current of Catholic tradition, and must indeed be regarded as the principal founder of the mediæval scholastic theology. This opinion is grounded upon a very minute and methodical, and apparently perfectly impartial, examination of the Augustinian theology, drawn out and digested under its several heads. In the course of the inquiry the simple-minded reader will perhaps be most forcibly struck with the difficulty of attaining any conclusion on the matter, owing to Augustine's perpetual inconsistency and habit of resorting to any argument available in the particular controversy in which at the moment he might happen to be engaged. To determine his views from his own contradictory assertions seems impossible, and the conclusion from the general spirit of his writings, to which Dorner is inevitably compelled to resort, is manifestly liable to fallacy. One of the points here chiefly insisted upon is the degree in which Augustine is held to have been influenced by the speculations of the Neoplatonic philosophers. The chapter of most general interest is that on Augustine's views of the relations between Church and State, which seem hardly distinguishable from those propounded in the Syllabus.

Although Professor Frohschammer† of Munich has been publicly associated with the Old Catholic leaders in protesting against the encroachments of Rome, we are not aware whether he is formally recognized as a member of their communion. Should this be the case, its orthodoxy on the one hand, and its comprehensiveness on the other, seem likely to be severely tested, and important issues may depend upon the decision arrived at. In his professed answer to Strauss, all affectation of fidelity to dogmatic tradition is discarded, and the view of religion presented is one which Strauss would have had little difficulty in accepting if he had remained on his old metaphysical ground, instead of resorting to merely materialistic explanations of intellectual phenomena. Frohschammer is severe upon him as an apostate from philosophy, and dwells with considerable force upon the weakest points in his work, his too implicit reliance upon mere scientific hypotheses, and his too absolute identification of Christianity as a whole with some of its peculiar phases. His own conception, however, leaves Strauss hardly anything to except against, particularly as on some important points where the writers are professedly opposed the point in dispute is virtually conceded by the liberality of Frohschammer's definition. On such questions as that of miracles his heterodoxy is flagrant and un concealed. There may be nothing in the writer's ecclesiastical position to necessitate any official notice of his work, but the problem how to deal with the latitude of free thought in the Old Catholic body is evidently one that will soon demand a solution.

The second volume of Moritz Petri's edition of Hamann's works‡, arranged in chronological order, contains a number of miscellaneous essays and letters, with a biography and commentary interspersed

* Grillparzer's *Sämmtliche Werke*. Bde. 5-9. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Siegle.

† B. F. L. Waldeck. Von H. B. Oppenheim. Berlin: Oppenheim. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Wanderjahre in Italien*. Von F. Gregorovius. Bd. 4. Von Ravenna bis Mentana. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Reisen in Indien und Hochasien*. Von H. von Schlagintweit-Sakunlinski. Bd. 3. Jena: Costenoble. London: Tribner.

* *Augustinus: sein theologisches System und seine religiös-philosophische Anschauung*. Von Dr. A. Dorner. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Das neue Wissen und der neue Glaube*. Mit besonderer Berücksichtigung von D. F. Strauss' neuester Schrift. Von J. Frohschammer. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *J. G. Hamann's Schriften und Briefe*. Erläutert und herausgegeben von M. Petri. Hannover: Meyer. London: Williams & Norgate.

in detached portions. We confess to a considerable difficulty in accounting for the reputation of this desultory and enigmatical writer, whose ingenuity is expended in the oracular proposition of commonplaces, and whose style, like his life, has something furtive, indirect, and uncomfortable.

Herr F. Prætorius's attempt at the explanation of the Himyaritic inscriptions* may be interesting even to the unlearned reader, as conveying some idea of the extreme difficulty of the task. The absence of vowels in Semitic languages opens a field to conjecture more convenient for the license of speculation than conducive to the attainment of sound results. The translations here submitted, however, read neatly and plausibly.

The intentions of Herr Schroot†, the author of *Science and Life*, are no doubt excellent, but we cannot say much for the execution of his treatise, which is mainly a collection of inconsecutive and ill-digested remarks on the evils of life and society, moral and physical, real and imaginary.

Professor Pernice's "Labeo"‡ is designed to convey, under the name of that celebrated lawyer, a general view of the condition of Roman law during the first century of the Empire, a period when political change had necessarily produced important modifications in jurisprudence. The work bears evidence of great research, but its interest is purely professional.

Herr Eduard Grisebach§ is an amateur of the dainties and tit-bits of literature, morsels frequently more remarkable for exquisiteness than for wholesomeness. To the limited number of such delicacies he has himself made a noteworthy addition, if the *Neue Tannhäuser* is correctly attributed to him. We are now indebted to him for a copious analysis of the literary history of one of the most popular pieces in this line, Petronius's story of the Ephesian Matron, with a translation of it in its Chinese version. This rendering has already become classical in English literature through Goldsmith's imitation in the *Citizen of the World*, which we cannot agree with Herr Grisebach in considering inferior to the original story. Goldsmith, however, could only follow an imperfect French translation, while Herr Grisebach's version is made from a full and accurate English rendering published in the *Calcutta Review*. He has added an ample discussion and investigation of the numerous forms which this standard illustration of female inconstancy has assumed in the modern literature of Europe. The Chinese version, after all, is not the original, the allusion to Buddhism as an established religion indicating that it must have been made some centuries posterior to Petronius. The fiction probably originated in India.

The popular songs of the Engadine, translated by A. von Flügel, are distinguished by the grace, innocence, and simplicity to be expected in the indigenous poetry of a romantic and secluded district, inhabited by a race endowed with much natural refinement and a fluent and musical language. This dialect appears to be intermediate between French and Italian, but with a greater affinity to the latter. Its simplicity and melody are evidently incapable of exact reproduction in German, although Herr von Flügel has wrought ably and well, and scrupulously abstained from all attempts to embellish his original. The subject of these pieces, all orally transmitted from a period of uncertain duration, is in general the passion of love, a number of pieces on the incidents of war and the chase having faded out of recollection with the events that called them forth. Their structure is in general most artless, there are few strokes of signal originality or tenderness, but their charm consists in their perfectly unstudied naïveté.

It is not easy to discover why August Trümpelmann should have chosen to tell the story of Vivia Perpetua's martyrdom¶ in blank verse. The subject is indeed highly suitable for dramatic treatment, but, if conceived epically, gains nothing from being exhibited under metrical restraints, which involve the sacrifice of most of the picturesque detail which might otherwise have enriched and relieved the bare tragedy of the story. Herr Trümpelmann's treatment of his theme is earnest and matter-of-fact; his verse may be commended for energy and simplicity, but certainly affords no evidence of any such overwhelming enthusiasm as to compel or justify the assumption of "singing robes."

The first two volumes of Johannes Scherr's collected novels** are occupied by that terror of all readers of this department of literature, a *kulturhistorische Novelle*. The subject is the life of Schiller, and the author appears to have faithfully complied with the rules of the most utterly worthless class of composition yet discovered by human ingenuity. The novelettes in the third volume have at

* Beiträge zur Erklärung der Himjarischen Inschriften. Von F. Prætorius. Halle: Buchhandlung des Waisenhauses. London: Trübner.

† Wissenschaft und Leben. Von A. Schroot. Hamburg: Meissner. London: Nutt.

‡ Marcus Antistius Labeo: das Römische Privatrecht im ersten Jahrhundert der Kaiserzeit. Von Dr. Alfred Pernice. Bd. 1. Halle: Buchhandlung des Waisenhauses. London: Trübner.

§ Die treulose Wittve, eine chinesische Novelle, und ihre Wanderung durch die Weltliteratur. Von Eduard Grisebach. Wien: Rosner. London: Trübner.

¶ Die Volkslieder des Engadin. Von Alfons von Flügel. Strassburg: Trübner. London: Trübner.

¶ Perpetua und Felicitas. Erzählende Dichtung. Von A. Trümpelmann. Wittenberg: Koelling. London: Nutt.

** Novellenbuch. Von Johannes Scherr. Bde. 1-3. Leipzig: Günther. London: Williams & Norgate.

least a comparative value, as they profess to depict peasant life in Switzerland. The collection is ushered in by a singularly egotistical preface, announcing the author's impending retirement from a world obstinately bent on ignoring him.

The last number of the "Russian Review"* contains, with other interesting matter, the continuation of F. Matthäi's important articles on the commerce of Russia, and an essay by Professor Brückner on Catherine II.'s attitude towards the French Revolution. The points principally brought out are Catherine's sagacity in foreshadowing the Revolution, and her anxiety to egg on Austria and Prussia to put it down, while she carried out her own projects of aggrandizement without fear of interference.

* Russische Revue: Monatschrift für die Kunde Russlands. Herausgegeben von C. Röttger. Jahrg. 11, Hft. 7. St. Petersburg: Röttger. London: Siegle.

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